TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

We have had another outbreak of prayer meeting politics. The second annual rally of the Third Party last week lacked only the tea and the buns, the grab bag and auction cake to have been an old time tea meeting. There was much enthusiastic talking, and if we were to judge by the mighty words which were said the political surface of the earth hereabouts is shortly to be changed by a volcanic eruption of public indignation, prohibition and Protestantism. The lusty singing of campaign hymns and the hortatory eloquence of those who besought the multitudes to flee from the political wrath to come and many other features of the camp meeting and revival service were introduced with considerable effect. On Monday evening at the anti-Jesuit meeting the services were somewhat of a similar character, as could have been expected when a number of the same exhorters were present. As they say of wedding presents the resolutions were numerous and costly and altogether—not excepting the collection which was diligently taken up—we had a fair sample of the same sort of politico-religious convention which became so fashionable in municipal affairs a couple of years ago.

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When I call this sort of thing prayer meeting politics I do it with the profoundest respect for the prayer meeting, but experience has made us know that the methods and the men that do most prevail in saintly circles are not adapted to political campaigns, and politicians—and indeed that large section of the community which learns of political matters from other sources than the pulpit—look upon such movements with indifference, sometimes, I am sorry to say, with contempt. This would not be the case if such political movements were ordinarily or even occasionally successful.

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The failure of such campaigns having been so frequent; the results in the rare instances when it is only the most sanguine who have thought them successful, have been so meagre, so unsatisfactory, in some cases so prejudicial to what the public esteems to be for its good, that it is worth while examining some of the reasons. In the first place the elector does not go to church to hear politics preached, and when he hears such discourses they are very apt to offend him. While he believes the preacher competent to direct him in spiritual matters, he is prone to imagine that he himself can give the parson some pointers on politics. If a man wants law business attended to, he does not send for the doctor, and when he is sick he does not feel complimented if the lawyer insists on giving him physic, and he considers that a clergyman knows no more about politics than a doctor does about conducting a case in court. In the second place politics are or should be essentially a matter of the reason, not of the impulses, while religion is a matter of faith and feeling, reason being nowhere accepted as the supreme tribunal before which the religionists should go. It can be easily understood then that appeals to sentimentality, to the impulses of the heart, the spiritual elatium of the hour, would become a dangerous element when reason alone should govern. The demagogue in politics appeals to the passions, prejudices, sectarianism of his audience, and therefore is considered dangerous. Without desiring to say anything derogatory of our spiritual teachers whose avocation is a great and noble one, I respectfully submit that they approach very nearly the methods of the demagogue when they leave the pulpit for the political platform—they may not intend to use illegitimate methods, they simply import the methods they use with propriety in another sphere to the discussion of questions where such means become exceedingly harmful. The third indictment I should bring is the natural sequence of the second, that they are impractical. Their pulpit ideal is the infinite. They exhort their hearers to struggle to be as near as possible like Him who was God as well as man, and they are of necessity satisfied with a performance which falls far short of the pattern. In politics they raise a lofty standard believing that the people will be ennobled by an attempt to reach the unattainable. Possibly if the elector were willing to make the attempt he would be benefited thereby, but in human affairs the moment a thing is demonstrated to be beyond reach all effort is very apt to cease. The result then of prayer meeting politics is that the preachers ask too much to succeed in getting anything at all. I might further urge that political campaigns which originate with the clergy are not well sustained. Far be it from me to disparage religion or religious efforts, but every observer must recognize that the majority of religionists—and the same holds true of the pastor as well as of the people—are too apt to be content with *'seeing* good instead of *being* good. This kills activity, as with even the most enthusiastic effort is apt to be largely subjective rather than objective. Furthermore, there is but a small place in politics for the man who is continually gazing in upon himself and trying to improve his inward condition instead of acting as an organizer to effect large political reforms. Nor are the preachers' profound theories likely to effect much. Take the Scott Act for example. Theoretically the propriety of prohibition must be admitted, but practically it is unworkable at present.

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The Scott Act campaigns were engineered almost entirely by clergymen and were pushed with religious fervor far beyond the point where public sentiment could be relied upon to support the law when carried. The result has been a large number of repeals and a well defined reaction which has left the counties in a worse condition than before.

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The individual citizen is every week benefited by the discourses which he hears from the pulpit and is thereby made a better man, and it is in the improvement of our citizenship that we must hope for better government, rather than looking for better citizens as the result of better government.

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The task of the preacher is a difficult one, but when he confines himself to his sacred calling and induces individuals to look in upon themselves and shudder at the depravity of their impulses and the wickedness of their ways he has accomplished much, and church organizations are so extending themselves that those who are brought to this condition are taken hold of and encouraged to a purer life. The history of Canada is one long declaration of the benefits of religious teaching and the God-fearing spirit of the people. Not only have our laws been improved, but drunkenness and vice are decreasing, though we must not forget that this is accomplished through the individual and it is important to remember that the methods used to bring this about are not those which can be adapted to a political campaign. Such methods in a campaign are apt to degrade religion without purifying politics. "As our gods are so will the people be," and the exalting of personal character must necessarily eventuate in a better state of society, and this in turn will bring about the better government—something which cannot be done directly by importing emotionalism into politics. There is no more reason for opening a political meeting with prayer than there is for opening a store with such service—both of them are purely business matters. And until it becomes the habit of business men to begin the work of the day by calling their clerks and employes together and engaging in prayer it would be wise to draw the line this side of the point where the housetops and street corners are made the places to offer petitions.

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It may be asked why open Parliament with prayer? I think it would be much wiser not to. Any one who has been in the habit of attending sessions of Parliament knows that the members absent themselves until prayers are over, something which does the absentee harm—as avoidance of any established duty always does—while those who attend are not benefited. Formalism is the sepulchre of religion. I taught a country school under the regulations of the Ontario government, and opened and closed with prayer and it was almost impossible for me to keep the children from having a free fight while prayers were proceeding. They pinched one another, made faces, stuck pins into their neighbors, all the time endeavoring to put on a sanctified countenance which would prevent me from detecting the offenders. This sort of thing I believe to be a positive injury. I could not feel prayerful while watching sixty or eighty youngsters and endeavoring to keep them in order. They did not feel prayerful, and if any of those prayers prescribed by the Ontario government—which by the way is not any more prayerful than other people—ever reached higher than the ceiling, I will be surprised to hear it, though I endeavored to read them with a full sense that I was addressing my Maker and appreciated the solemnity of the duty and incalculable privilege. Perhaps I am not as good as other people, or my scholars were worse than the average, but this is my experience; and if those who think that the prayers in the Legislature are doing much good could go down there and hear them read to perhaps a dozen straggling politicians who are looking over their correspondence, they would be disabused of the idea. Reporters are not admitted to these prayers. I have always imagined that it was to prevent public knowledge of how little attention is paid to the services.

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In the discussion of the Jesuit question in the House at Ottawa a very careful effort has been made to avoid the appearance of it being a Protestant crusade. This was necessary inasmuch as the leaders of the agitation have largely been the clergymen of Toronto. However much they may have disclaimed prejudice one cannot help imagining that it is their hostility to Rome rather than their desire for an entirely free citizenship which has spurred them on. As far as I am concerned this Jesuit agitation means nothing unless it be for the abolition of the last link which connects Church and State. Col. O'Brien, the mover of the resolution, made the error of asserting that the separation of Church and State is a thoroughly accepted principle of our Constitution. It is not accepted by the Roman Catholic Church, and never can be accepted while there are Separate Schools, while churches are exempt from taxation, while clergymen can draw large salaries and escape rendering unto Cæsar that share which is his. Before it will be thoroughly understood the Church must be thoroughly disestablished throughout the empire, the millionaire bishops and the idle holders of rich livings must stand on the same basis with the Dissenter who toils amongst the poor for barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. I should feel as much antagonistic to an Anglican Estates Bill, a Methodist Estates Bill, or a Baptist Estates Bill, as I do to the Jesuits' Estates Bill, though I do not imagine that any one of the churches named is as dangerous to the state as the Jesuits are. The principle is wrong. Our constitution should make such things impossible. I am opposed to any attempt to introduce religious teaching into the public schools, whether it be by readings from the Ross Bible or *La Petite Catechism.* As an American statesman said some time ago, when an amendment to the constitution was proposed establishing religious instruction in the schools of the United States, "I believe in having God in our government; but that will never be until we have God in our hearts." Religious impulses should be implanted by the father or the mother, by the Sunday School teacher or the clergyman, in those hours when the heart is prepared to receive such instruction, and this cannot be in a public school. The nearest approach to it would be a farce, and all farces in religion, all humbugs, all formalism are enemies which sow tares rather than wheat.

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Mr. Colby in defending the Jesuit Bill made as his special point the preservation of the country from infidelity by the united efforts of Protestants and Roman Catholics. It is such special pleading for the preservation of evils which are recognized lest greater evils come upon us which retards the advance which all sincere religionists hope for. Let those who fear infidelity and who have made it a cause a study declare to us the result of their labors and it will be found that faith has never suffered at the hands of honesty, but that scepticism is the result of ecclesiastical humbuggery, the revolt of the mind against just such measures as the Jesuits' Estates Bill and the greed which leads to aggression and the seizure of public moneys and the usurping of functions which are the people's not the priests'.

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I know everybody is tired of the discussion of the French question as regards our public schools but I desire to point out the fallacy of those who argue that it would be an injustice to prevent the children of the French Canadians in our Eastern counties receiving an education, as they would be prevented if the French language were prohibited. I feel sorry for poverty; I especially sympathize with those who are too poor to obtain an education, but the poor we shall always have with us—so it has been declared by the greatest Teacher we ever had amongst us—and it may be also said of the French child who cannot learn out of an English book that he will be always with us so long as we permit the French language to be used. When the parents came to Ontario they knew they were coming into an English-speaking province, and only the egotism of their race prevents them from knowing that *they* must do the changing—that the province cannot change to suit them. If they were made to understand this, it would surprise and delight everyone to see the rapidity with which the children would learn English. If, for instance, a law were passed that at the end of two years nothing but English would be taught in our common schools, by 1892 the people would be prepared for the change, and those who did not like it could go back to Quebec or else remain in Ontario and be forced to accept the inevitable. Nothing but the inevitable will ever move them. There is no cruelty in this. And the authorities must not be afraid to appear cruel in order to be kind.

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The deputations which have recently returned from tours in the United States are almost unanimously of the opinion that asphalt pavements are not a success. This, together with the defect which has already been discovered in the Bay street pavement, should set the Jarvis street people thinking as to whether they are not a little previous in adopting this material for their roadway. The piece on Bay street was put down as a sample; it was the bait intended for bigger fish. If it will not stand the winter what must we expect from other roadways on which less care will be used? The construction of the Bay street pavement was surrounded by every condition likely to produce good work; other contractors were fighting against it, carefully watching it and the press thoroughly discussing it. It is only a short piece of pavement anyway, and before $100,000 is spent on Jarvis street those who are so extremely anxious should examine their agreements and guard themselves against imposition.

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President Harrison's administration has already shown three well-defined peculiarities. It intends to claim all those portions of the earth and sea which are without a barbed wire fence around them. The Behring sea proclamation may mean nothing but bluster, but if they calculate to claim as complete supremacy therein as they exercise over a Wisconsin mill pond, there will be trouble, but no weak-kneed Britisher need imagine for a moment that England will submit to any such policy. Secondly the politicians who raised the boodle and made the yell, are getting the offices. This seems to be strictly a commercial transaction but it is being carried to extremes. Lastly, President Harrison, who is great only because he is the grandson of an ex-President, is recognizing the principle of heredity. Walker Blaine has been given a fat office, ex-President Grant's son has been given an important diplomatic position and Robert T. Lincoln, son of sturdy old "Abe," is to be Minister to Great Britain. Fred. Grant, and Rober Lincoln are fourth-rate material as compared with many men in the Republican party, but it is evident that having had a great father, or great grandfather, is now almost as important amongst our democratic neighbors as the possession of greatness in one's self.

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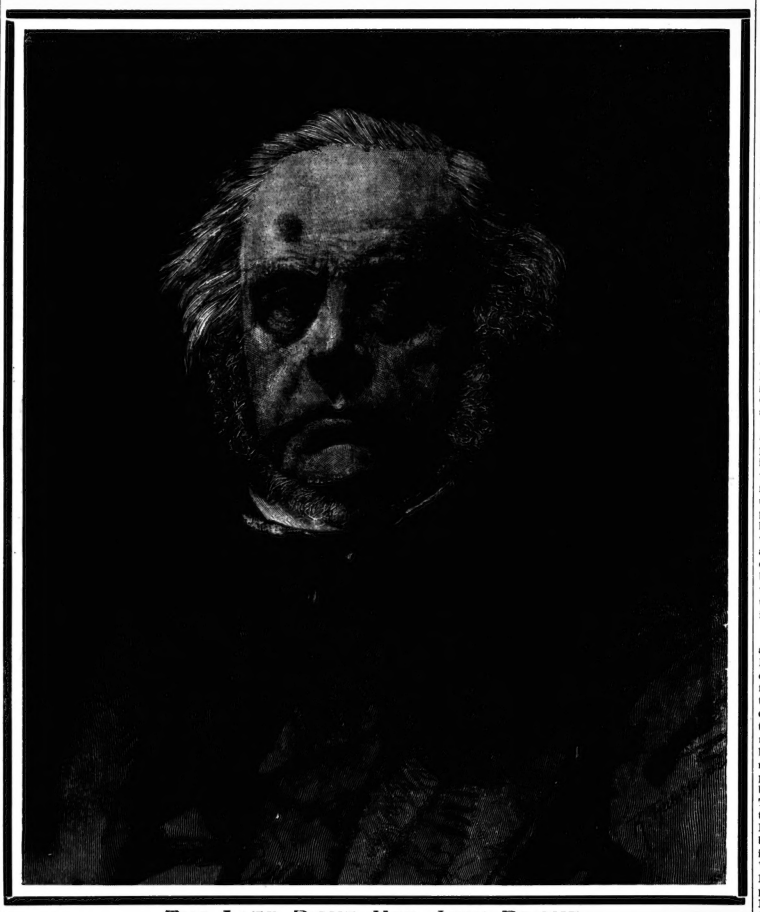
The frightful murders committed by William H. Harvey must have been the work of a madman. No same man could resist the chatter of his child as he led her home from school to take her life, only a man whose reason had been overthrown in a moment of disgrace and despondency could kill the wife who had leaned lovingly upon him for so many years. Who but a maniac could travel so many miles for the purpose of killing his son? The crimes are so unnatural, were done so boldly yet with such stealth, that it marks the perpetrator of the deeds as a madman. When one examines his history and finds that he was abnormally proud, once occupied a good position, that his wife was cultured and well-born, that even in adversity he had been trusted and had been the superintendent of a Sunday school, it is possible to realize the terrible shock he must have experienced when his defalcations were discovered. Like many other criminals, the terrible thing he was doing in embezzling his employer's money did not come home to him until discovery made him understand the disgrace and heart-break that must overwhelm his family and which would forever make him unable to look an honest man in the face.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

One can thus realize his resolve that death would be preferable to such overwhelming disgrace. He would never let his wife look him in the face and see blind written across his forehead. The little ones who had played about his knee should not feel their future had been ruined by a crime of their father's. The boy of whom he had been so proud should not be stared at and called the son of a thief. It was a terrible avenue of escape from his crime, but he took it. No sane man could have preferred it even to the suffering he might have been called upon to endure. The descent to Avernus was so rapid that it brought to him the dizziness of insanity, and the poor crouching creature with the handcuffs on his wrist was evidence enough of the complete breakdown of his reason. It is such horrors as this which bring home to every tempted man in a position of trust the awfulness of a sin which is sure to find him out. Ordinarily one cannot understand the avalanche of woe which buries beneath its crushing weight the husband, the father, the brother who brings disgrace upon those he loves, who in the hour of his intense torment cannot look into the faces of those who should sustain him without reading there a more awful sentence than can be pronounced by judge or jury. What picture of hell can equal the surging waves of undying fire which scorch and burn the soul of one so utterly without God and hope in the world?

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The alleged visit of Premier Mercier to Toronto and the inability of reporters to find him suggests possibly he and Mr. Mowat have become so similar in their methods that they have merged their identity into a sort of composite photograph of political unscrupulousness. Even if they are discovered occupying separate bodies in future their similarity may justify a re-christening so that the Quebec one may be called Merciat and the other Mowier. It would be a sort of graceful tribute to the exceedingly loving tie which binds the two provinces together.

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It is said that men who obtain office always become more liberal towards their opponents, and we have recently had an instance in Mr. Peter Ryan who has anticipated office, or indeed has endeavored to make it easier for the Mowat Government to give him office, by posing as an exceedingly liberal Catholic. Just now the excitement is so high that it would be somewhat difficult for the Ontario Government to flagrantly outrage all sense of political decency by creating an office and appointing to it a man who has no recommendation except his alleged ability to keep his Catholic fellow-citizens in line; but, with becoming readiness, Mr. Ryan—whose sincerity is not above suspicion, though his present position is correct—has declared himself opposed to the Jesuit Bill, and seems to hope that it will make matters a little easier for his masters. The effect, however, has been to have himself repudiated by those whom he was presumed to so faithfully represent, which is unfortunate for him, for if he is not a representative Catholic he is a representative nothing, and the latter perhaps very nearly represents his status.

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Politics will soon cease to occupy so much attention in these columns as the Local House has been prorogued and the Dominion Parliament will soon follow suit. Doubtless it will afford a rest to everyone. In the Jesuit Estates debate, I congratulate Mr. D'Alton McCarthy on his good fighting. He talks like a man who isn't afraid to speak his mind.

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The responses to my suggestion that a Canadian National Society of some sort be formed have been so numerous and from such thoughtful and representative men that I am encouraged to go on with the matter and get as many sympathizers together as possible some night next week when a preliminary organization can be formed and arrangements made for holding a public meeting later on. The letters I have received are not from Torontonians alone but from many places throughout the province, and I am assured that it only needs a little effort to make it go. As it will be impossible to select a night when the majority of sympathizers can be present, I am anxious to obtain the names and addresses of so many who are willing to come, that the first gathering may be representative of every shade of Canadian opinion. If the thing strikes you as worthy, write your name and address on a post card, address it to "Don, SATURDAY NIGHT office," and state a night next week or the week following, which you can spare. Don't hang back and think there will be plenty without you. Come right in and help start the thing. Perhaps some day you will be proud to have been one of the first. All those who send a card will be notified of the time and place of the primary meeting. I have already a dozen suggestions for a convention of all sympathizers with the movement, to be held in Toronto shortly, and the majority of them favor a grand demonstration on Dominion day. This cannot be done until an organization of some sort is effected; and I hope there will be a good big turn-out on whatever night is selected for the primary meeting. DON.

Death of John Bright.

The death of John Bright, on Wednesday morning, removed from the ranks of British statesmen one of the most notable figures in the history of this century. The earliest work of his life was his advocacy of the repeal of the corn laws, and he was Mr. Cobden's right hand man in the fight which ended in the adoption by Great Britain of the policy of free trade, and, until the latter part of his life he was an advanced Radical in many respects. But, as he himself said, in a speech at Birmingham, "As man becomes older he becomes more retrospective, the past holding more for him than the earthly future, occupies more of his thoughts." In this way John Bright, even before his death, became one of the mile-stones of the past, and as in the beginning of his career he was far ahead of public sentiment, at the end of it though still loved and revered, he was behind it. Eminently a peaceful man and a member of the Society of Friends he was much opposed to many of England's foreign wars, and this will be remembered as one of the brightest phases of his noble character, next almost to his integrity which was so universally admitted that in his bitterest controversies it was never even questioned. During the closing years of his life he was opposed to Gladstone's Irish ideas, and it was difficult to understand why he, who had so earnestly advocated peace, should have favored a rigorous Irish policy. It is accounted for solely by the fact that he outlived the vigorous fights of his youth and prime, and having reformed so many abuses, as old men often do, began to imagine that all needed reforms had been attended to. As he was so widely loved, and his memory will always be held so dear, SATURDAY NIGHT has this week reproduced his portrait which was published in these columns some months ago.

Society.

The Kirmess this year is to be almost entirely different from the one held two years ago. Cinderella's Ball is to take the place of the *Fete des Enfent*, and too much cannot be said of the dozens of pretty little children who for weeks have willingly given up their Saturdays to the practices. Britannia is to be made interesting by about fifty young people, all verging on sweet sixteen; the girls to represent the army and the boys the navy. To judge from the glimpse I had of their drilling last Saturday I think the instructors are determined to make this one of the prettiest attractions at the Kirmess. Prof. Davis has over sixty young ladies and gentlemen practicing the Spanish, Hungarian, Swedish, Lawn Tennis and Gypsy dances, and Mrs. Widmer Hawke and Mrs. Grantham are giving Prof. Davis valuable assistance. Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mrs. C. Riordon, Mrs. McLean Howard and many other kind friends of the Infants' Home are assisting the committee in arranging attractive booths, express office, etc. The latter being a new feature here will no doubt be well patronized.

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It is at this particular season of the year that the sewing society all at once becomes an important feature and is recognized as a necessity by all properly disposed young women. At no other time is it in the least obtrusive in its claims, but during the Lenten season it suddenly comes to the front. It is to be feared that it is even looked upon quite in the light of a dissipation. Of these societies there are of course all kinds. The main object, however, is the construction of improbable, not to say impossible, garments to be worn by the impecunious of tender years. Some of these societies are afternoon affairs, where, after a little sewing and a good deal of talking, tea is served and the company disperse. Others combining a reading class and a sewing society are popular. But the truly awell ones are small and exclusive and are called morning societies. At these the young women assemble just before noon; chat, sew if there is time, and at one a dainty lunch is served. Of course, after this most of the members do not feel quite in the mood for any laborious work, and it is decided that each one shall take home her own special piece of work and bring it back finished at the next meeting. Every one is pleased, the society is considered a great success, and the work of charity goes on apace.

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The Toronto Lacrosse Club hold their annual meeting at the Rossin House on Monday. Officers will be elected, and the Rosedale Grounds and the "future" of the club discussed. I wish it well, but I am a little "shivery" about the "future."

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Mrs. J. B. Hall of Jarvis street held the second of her pleasant At Homes last Saturday. There were fully 150 people present in spite of the prevalent Lenten fasting.

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Mrs. T. Alison of College avenue has an At Home to-day. Her house has one of the prettiest interiors on the avenue.

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Mrs. Nairn of 359 Jarvis street has a five o'clock tea this afternoon.

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Rev. Dr. Castle, who has resigned the presidency of McMaster College on account of ill-health, intends removing to Rochester, N. Y., where a number of the married members of his family are living. The handsome, white-haired old clergyman and his cultured wife will be greatly missed by thier many friends in Toronto.

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The Misses Carty of Jarvis street gave a very enjoyable At Home last Thursday afternoon to their numerous lady friends. The invitations were not extended to any gentlemen and the 50 ladies who attended did not seem to miss them much. Some excellent music was given on the violin by Miss Geikie and singing by Miss McCallum and others and pianoforte solo by Miss Katie Kerr.

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Cards are out for an At Home to be given by Mrs. Harry Symons at her residence, Howard street, on Friday evening, April 5.

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The annual meeting of the Park Lawn Tennis Club was held on Saturday last, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. E. A. Meredith, LL.D.; vice-president, B. Spencer, M. D.; secretary and treasurer, Mr. W. Gillespie, jr.; committee, Messrs. S. H. Baldwin, H. H. Langton, A. McDonald, E. B. Lefroy, C. Ross.

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Mrs. Augustus Heward of Montreal is staying with her brother, Mr. Edmund Meredith, LL.D., of Rosedale.

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As sincere admirers and lovers of that wholesouled Christian Rev. Wm. Stephen Rainsford, we trust there is no truth in the report, which, however, appears to be only too well founded, that the hard and unremitting service he has given to the church has resulted in the overthrow of his reason. The sympathy of every man, woman and child in Toronto will be with Mrs. Rainsford at such an hour. It seems but yesterday when thousands used to wend their way towards St. James Cathedral to take part in those daily and nightly services which were conducted with such vigor and acceptance by the gifted young divine, fresh from his university, whose heart was always open to the cry of distress. It is said that Mr. Rainsford was stricken down while speaking in his pulpit at St. George's, New York. A later report, we are pleased to see, states that Mr. Rainsford is convalescent and will be taken south, where it is hoped he will soon entirely recover.

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Last Wednesday evening witnessed a pleasant gathering at Mr. Dugald Graham's residence, No. 82 College avenue. The occasion was the marriage of his only daughter, Ada, to Mr. George H. L. Bland, of Montreal, son of Rev. H. F. Bland of Perth, Ont., The spacious drawing-room was beautifully decorated with the choicest flowers, a mass of lilies and exotics in the further end of the room forming a bower of beauty for the bridal party, while a yoke of choicest roses was suspended above the young couple, indicating the wish of all that their married life might ever be an easy and pleasant yoke. Just as the bride entered the drawing-room on her father's arm, the strains of a charming wedding march, played by our rising young Canadian composer, Mr. Clarence Lucas, floated in from an adjoining room. The ceremony was conducted by the groom's brother, Rev. Chas. E. Bland, M. A., and his father, Rev. H. F. Bland. The bride looked even more charming and dainty than is her wont, in a handsome white silk dress trimmed with old duchess lace and natural white roses, and was a picture that the eye liked to linger upon, standing by the side of the manly and handsome groom. A most *recherche* supper was served after the ceremony. Madame Asher-Lucas, who is rapidly winning a very high place in public favor, with her usual grace acceded to the pressure of her friends and charmed the company by her perfect rendition of several classical masterpieces. The dresses worn by the ladies were remarkable for their beauty and tastefulness, especially in view of the fact that the wedding was not held in the church. Amongst the most handsome were those of Mrs. Irving Walker, Mrs. Graham, Mme. Asher-Lucas, Miss Orr, Miss Stafford and Miss Smith. Amongst those present were: Rev. Dr. Hunter and Mrs. Hunter, Rev. Dr. Stafford, Mrs. and Miss Stafford, Rev. Hugh Johnston, Mrs. and Miss Johnston, Hon. G. W. Ross, Mrs. and Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Walker, Mrs. D. V. Lucas, Mr. Clarence Lucas, Mme. Asher Lucas, Mr. Melfort Lucas, Mr. H. R. Walker, Mrs. H. F. Bland, Mr. A. Thompson, Mr. R. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Orr, Miss Orr, Mr. and Mrs. John A. McDonald, Dr. and Mrs. McPhedran, Mr. G. T. and Miss Bishop of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale, Misses Sharon, the Misses Pearson, Misses Lamport, Miss Emma A. Smith of Sparta, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Dignum, Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin of St. Thomas, Miss Woods, Mr. Wm. Mason, Mr. R. Thompson, Mr. H. H. Dewart and many others. The happy couple left by the late train for the Western and Southern States, followed by the cordial good-wishes of their many friends.

Personal.

Among the Torontonians visiting the Bermudas is Miss Jessie Allen of Spadina avenue.

Mrs. C. S. Botsford of 190 Spadina avenue and two sons are spending this month at the Sea Island Hotel, Beaufort, S. C.

Mr. George Percival of Finlayson, Hirsch & Co., Montreal, is in the city this week, having just returned from a trip to British Columbia.

Percival T. Green, 23 Adelaide street east, has been appointed by Mr. J. E. Thompson as manager of the new Music Hall he is about building. He expects to open it on Sept. 1.

Among the large audience present at the Grand on Monday night, was Edward, the Baron Von Roseanstadt, of Hamilton, who occupied a box, an attractive spring suit and a choice assortment of plain and ornamental jewelry. The Baron is one of the best of Hamilton's many good fellows.

Agent Webster of the Cunard S. S. Line reports the following Torontonians booked to sail to-day from New York, via S. S. Etruria: Mr. E. B. Osler, wife, three children and nurse, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Harker, Miss Emery, Mr. A. W. Grassett, Mr. J. Alexander, Mr. W. D. Michael, Mr. A. Harvey, Mrs. Harvey, Harry Harvey, Mr. A. J. Moody, Mr. Joseph Holmes and Mr. Alf. Clifton.

A very pleasant social was held in the lecture room of the Metropolitan Church on Thursday evening of last week. A good programme of music and readings was given by Messrs. A. Hewett, E. Thornhill, A. E. Dent, Jno. C. Trotter, A. L. E. Davies, W. C. Carlisle, F. W. Micklethwaite, H. W. Steward, A. C. Fairweather, J. A. Garvin, L. Carlisle and G. H. Parkes. The excellent repast provided was from the establishment of R. J. Lloyd and was a credit to this newly-established caterer.

A pleasant little party took place at the residence of Mr. E. C. Walker, Queen street west, on Tuesday evening. Among those present were Mrs. Trenworth, Mr. and Mrs. Hynes, Mr. and Mrs. Loudon, Mr. and Mrs. Spain, Mrs. Kersey, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Miss L. Walker, Miss M. Gardiner, Miss S. Gardiner, Miss E. Donovan, Miss J. Wiley, Miss M. Adams, Miss F. Adams, Miss B. Adams, Miss Lucas, Miss M. Hunter, Miss Pratt, Miss Maitland, Miss Murchison, Miss J. Graham, Messrs. H. Barker, C. Field, Al. Reid, H. D. Millar, E. E. Walker, F. Murchison, E. V. Clarke, Osborne Williams, F. Baker, W. Gardiner.

The Argonaut Club's Smoking Concert.

Last Monday night saw the old Argonaut Club House don its best frills to receive those who had come to do honor to the last smoking concert of the season. From 7.30 p.m. there continued to arrive the bone, sinew and brawn of athleticism in Toronto. Every one was on deck and prepared for a good time. Of course I don't say everything was perfection, because everything wasn't. But no one expects perfection at an affair of this sort. In the first place there were too many there, but every one was good tempered, and the large gathering tumbled good naturedly to the drawbacks caused by overcrowding, etc.

Colonel Sweny, prompt, decisive and looking altogether there, in a few well chosen words, set the ball rolling and it continued to roll till the close of the entertainment.

The first part of the programme was a "fetchy" chorus, entitled Because, which pleasantly broke the ground for future performances. When Grant Stewart took up the running in great style with I couldn't, which was cheered to the echo by the grand stand and the executants had to canter over the course once more to oblige the spectators.

Then there were some lively tugs of war, but are not these to be found in the chronicles of the daily press? Everyone thought the cricket club team would down all opposition, with the fragile Duke as anchor man. But it didn't. No! the ducal house of York dropped a shade too slowly to the victorious quiet which a club house floor affords, and although his team, and that of the yacht club, were undoubtedly the strongest and heaviest, they had to succumb to the smaller but more agile canoeists who dropped, when the word was given, like chain lightning. Sparrow is, to my thinking, one of the best anchor men I ever saw, and I am not alone in my way of thinking.

Then a break was made for the dancing-room where the exponents of the noble art of self-defence were in full war paint and eager for the fray. The first set-to was between a couple of gamey cubs, who gave and took their licks in good shape. But the event of the evening was the set-to betwixt Os. Brookes and Jack Drynan, as "putty a pair o' coves as 'never 'handled a bunch er fives." Both men were manifestly out of condition, but what they lacked in wind was atoned for by science and beauty of posture. I had often heard of Os. Brookes' boxing, when "the cock of Upper Canada College," some five or six years ago, but had never seen him with the gloves on until last Monday night. His style reminded me very much of the cuts of Gentleman Dick, a noted fighter of the last century. Jack Drynan handled his gloves in a clean and workmanlike manner, and at the close of a beautifully contested round it was a clear case of six of one and a half dozen of the other. Both men had many admirers, and all were sorry they couldn't have more, but the management was properly inexorable as the programme for the night was a lengthy one. I didn't care very much for the fencing with foils, in fact I think it was the weakest part of the evening's fun.

Then, after the finals had been pulled off in the tug of war and the victorious team had "bounced" their anchor man, songs by Mr. Thompson and others and an impromptu "stag" dance brought to a close the last and most successful concert of the Argonauts for the season of 1888-89, thanks chiefly to the energy and ability displayed by Mr. H. F. Wyatt, the indefatigable secretary. Amongst those present were: Messrs. Cecil Lee, Henry Bethune, George Saunders, Dyke Saunders, H. K. Cockin, A. H. Hector, F. Wade, C. Hirschfelder, George Dunstan, Walter Pepham, Roden Kingsmill, R. C. Kirkpatrick, Walter Stewart, Grant Stewart, Percy Goldingham, Reginald Fox, W. Beauclerc, H. G. Muntz, Stephen Sewell, F. Raymond, A. H. Collins, Mossom Boyd, J. E. Brown, Harry Brock, H. F. Wyatt, Monnie Kertland, —. Lloyd, W. W. Jones, Dr. Ogden Jones, Mr. Hemming and many others.

Trinity Talk.

The Lent term ends a week from to-day, when the Trinity man will pack his portmanteau and homeward bie for an Easter vacation of three weeks' duration.

*

Episcopon, the college Punch, will be read on Wednesday evening next. This is one of the most enjoyable occasions of the whole student year. The earlier part of the evening is taken up with a light supper, customarily contributed by the freshmen. In the conclusion of the "feed," with lights turned down to hide the feelings and conceal the blushes of the satirized ones, the scribe reads his portfolio of caricature, lampoonry and jest.

*

With the advent of the spring, the students are organising the various sporting organizations which flourish at Trinity. The cricket club has already had its meeting and appointed Mr. D'Arcy Martin, secretary, and Mr. Bedford-Jones, treasurer. Trinity will certainly place a strong eleven in the field this year, and the men are already oiling their bats and getting their material in readiness for another successful season, of which the crowning feature has been, for the past five years, a victory over the 'Varsity.

*

Rolling operations on the campus have already commenced. It delighteth the heart of the senior to observe the industrious Freshie bestirring himself these pleasant mornings in taking matutinal exercise by drawing the roller over the verdant cresse. This pleasing exercise has always been a time-honored privilege of the Freshman, although one which they do not value with fit estimation. The tennis club will be as flourishing as ever and will probably possess two new courts this year. Baseball is booming and practice is carried on regularly every afternoon. The undergraduates are fortunate in gaining the assistance of W. Davis, '87, C. J. Loewen, '87, and G. E. Powell, '88, three enterprising ball tossers who are valuable acquisitions.

*

Rev. Provost Body has been unable to lecture during the past week. He has not succeeded in escaping the spring epidemic that has attacked several of the students.

V. Price, '91, is afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism and has been unable to attend lectures for the last week.

J. Grayson Smith, '89, and J. Carter Troop, '91, are the latest additions to the sick list.

*

A meeting was held on Thursday night for the purpose of establishing a Science Association in connection with Trinity College. It is to be hoped that an association of this kind will receive sufficient support among the students to warrant its continuance.

*

The Missionary and Theological Association concluded its proceedings with a very devotional meeting conducted by Canon Dumoulin. This society has held several meetings this term of great interest and importance to our divinity undergraduates. Among the addresses that have been given might be mentioned especially Professor Clark's address on Extempore Preaching. This subject was treated in an able and brilliant manner, and a great deal of sound advice and useful instruction were given to the future clerics.

*

Friday night's meeting of the Literary Institute, the last literary meeting for the Lent term, was distinguished by an exceptionally good programme. Prof. Boys delighted the audience with a vivid and realistic rendition of the Dream of Eugene Aram, in which the murderous vision was brought before the hearer's eyes in all its horror. Mr. Leake, B. A., recited Parrhasius with fine effect while Mr. Bean rendered Edinburgh after Flodden in a telling and capital style. The debate on the question as to whether the lack of a Canadian literature was due to a want of a national life was the occasion of the best speeches that have been delivered at the Institute meetings for some time. Messrs. Lowe and Troop spoke ably and eloquently on the necessity of a national life for a great literature. Messrs. Houston and Chilcott on the opposite side maintained that the weakness of Canadian literature was not due to our lack of national existence. The speeches of the negative were, I think, the better of the two sides, and abounding in stronger argument, but owing to a lack of unity between the opinions expressed by the two speakers, the audience decided in favor of the affirmative. A vote of thanks to the present council was passed and received a graceful reply from the President, Mr. Leake, B. A. The nominations were made for the election next Friday. Messrs. E. V. Stevenson and W. H. White were elected by acclamation, the former to the secretaryship, and the latter to the control of the finances. ERYX.

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A Talk With Husbands.

There is so much excellent advice given to wives, suppose, for a change, we turn around and read the husbands a nice little manual of correct behavior. It is high time someone took them in hand, but, although I have had my eye upon them for a good while, I have been bothered to find a ripe opportunity.

In the first place, to plunge right into the midst of things without further ceremony, how do you go home to your wife at night? Chapters have been written as to how she ought to receive you; now let me say a word about the other side of the question. When you find a tired little woman who has been so hard at work all day with five babies and an incompetent girl, callers, and miscellaneous jobs of mending, pastry-making and pickling, that she has found no time to curl her hair and put on her best gown to meet you, what do you do? Do you, like a dear old sympathizing fellow, take her worn face into a warm embrace and whisper in her ear: "Never mind, dearie; I have got home, and we'll share the cares for the rest of the day. You go and rest yourself while I put Johnnie and Trot and baby to bed." Do you see she sits in the easiest chair while you skip around and minister to her wants? Do you keep silent while she reads the evening paper (to herself), and are you mindful of drafts and slamming doors while she takes her ease in slipperred content? Do the wars dance the Newport, and does the moon sing psalm-tunes? Just about as much as you do all this. You expect the hushed home, and the siesta with the paper, and the slippers for yourself, to be sure, and if you don't get them you think you're terribly abused, and ten to one flounce off to the club to escape the noise and confusion, but you never take it into your head to consider that the day has been just as long, and just as busy, and a thousand times more full of petty cares for her as for you, and that she needs just as much consideration shown her as it is her wifely duty to show you. She is quite as much in need of bright smiles and cheery words as you can be. You bolt into the house, and the first thing you say is: "Why isn't supper ready? I'm as hungry as a hound!" "Great Scott! Can't you keep that child quiet!" or, "What's the use of burning so much coal? Turn off the damper! You are enough to ruin a Vanderbilt!" That's the keynote of the song you sing, and yet you think it is dreadful if she ever make a remark harsher than the bleat of a lamb. Suppose you had been a hansom cab driver, a Board of Trade man, cook in a restaurant, cash-boy for a dry-goods house, a kindergarten teacher, and a hospital nurse all combined for the whole day long, wouldn't you be more tired, and wouldn't there be more excuse for your irritability than when you have simply attended to a single systematized branch of business? The thousand and one demands made upon a woman's time and ingenuity to keep domestic affairs moving with any degree of harmony render her the more deserving of forbearance if things do go a little wrong sometimes when her conquering hero comes home to supper. A woman is required to be everything from a reception committee to receive calls in the parlor, to a nurse in the nursery, and a chief executive in the kitchen, while a business man devotes himself to a single trade or profession.

And next, how do you entertain your wife evenings? If you were invited into a neighbor's house to spend a couple of hours with his wife and daughter, how would you entertain them, I wonder? Why, you would put a posy in your buttonhole, and slick up your hair, and blow a little perfume out of the atomizer all over yourself, and throughout the evening you would overflow with bright anecdotes and be so racy and charming that after you had gone away everybody would say: "What a perfectly delightful man Mr. Perkins is! What good company!" Now let us see, sir, how you entertain your wife. You stand in front of the fire and pick your teeth with a wooden toothpick until she starts to put the children to bed, and every now and then you make a few cheerful remarks about the scarcity of money and the general cussedness of children who run through shoes and clothes so fast. When the time comes that all is still and everything nicely adapted for a chat or a game you draw out your miserable newspaper and begin to read. And you read that paper all to yourself, word for word, and line for line, straight through from editorial to market report, as if it contained the secret of youth, wealth, and eternal salvation! In the same way one might drink soda water by the pailful, or consume caramels by the ton! Newspapers, read by husbands in selfish solitude, are answerable for many wifely heartaches. How many good stories and racy anecdotes do you tell your wife to make her laugh? How many roses do you pin on your coat and how careful are you of your appearance in the long evenings when there is nobody by but her to be captivated by your charms and bewildered by your manly beauty? There is just exactly as much excuse for her (and a little more it may be) if her dress is slatternly and her hair untidy as there is for you, and there is precious little for either of you.

There is another thing, sir, before I have done with you. Often and often have I marked you turning to watch a pretty face, or commenting with your men companions upon the outlines of a fine form or a slender foot. Have you any more business to do that than she has? What a rumpus there would be in the family if you were to catch her making eyes at the men or following a bearded face through the streets to see where its owner belonged. What particular blazes would play about the walls of sweet home if she indulged in these little foibles. Yet I say unto you, yea and verily, her latitude in that direction should be just as wide as yours. What if the wife you married is getting faded like a fabric often washed; what if a few lines and wrinkles have come where the smile in its dimplement was and crow tracks like the marks of birds' feet on the wet and shining sands have traced the skin that once was softer than a rose leaf; what if the once graceful shoulders are bent a little and the old-time laughter has left her eyes? If you have the chivalry of a true man in your soul you will revere and honor your wife with greater and increasing tenderness as she grows old and faded, for what is it, pray, that has aged her? What has stolen her bloom and robbed her glance of its laughing light? What but ministering to you and toiling to make your home a happy one. The children have stolen the rose tints from her cheeks and lips and tending to their myriad wants by night and day has deprived her of the easy grace of youth. In the dead of night when the Baldheaded Tyrant asserts himself who takes him up and soothes and pacifies him? Do you, you big, drowsy son of Adam? Not much? Away you skip to a distant chamber, while the mother lays her neck under the wakeful baby's small pink foot. Perhaps you do try to perform your share occasionally, but you look so injured and martyrized and mad all the time that the tired mother is glad enough to relieve you and herself hush the small despot back to slumber.

How about boxes of candy taken home, not to the children but to the wife? How about pleasant surprises and love tokens? You excuse your indifference and neglect and the withdrawal of fond and foolish attentions, just as dear to her at forty as at twenty, with the thought: "O, well, she knows I love her: what's the use of "spooning" at our age! By and by there will come a time when you shall see her lying in the coffin, perhaps, and you would sell your soul that day to be able to shine away long years of cold neglect with the manifestation of the love that was always in your heart, certainly, but carefully kept on ice. Call it "spooning" if you like, or any other name of contempt, but I tell you there is nothing so sad in all life's history as the vanished opportunity to manifest a love for which some friend went hungry through slow years of undemonstrative and stupid reserve.

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CHAPTER XIII.

BEATING AGAINST THE BARS.

Harrington Dalbrook seemingly impressed with a sense of stupendous self-sacrifice in giving up his prospects in the church as if the primacy had only been a question of time; yet as his Divinity examination had twice ended in disappointment and a shamefaced return to the paternal roof tree, it might be thought that, in his friend Sir Henry Baldwin's phraseology, he was very well out of it. Sir Henry was the average young man of the epoch. Sharp, shallow, and with a commonplace opinion of his own superiority to the human race in general, and naturally to a friend whose father plodded over leases and agreements in an old-fashioned office in a country town; but the two young men happened to have been thrown together at Oxford, where Sir Henry was at Christ Church while Harrington Dalbrook was at New; and as Sir Henry's ancestral home was within six miles of Dorchester, the friendship begun at the University was continued in the country town.

Sir Henry lived at a good old Georgian house called the Mount, between Dorchester and Weymouth. It was a red brick house, with a center and two wings, and a Corinthian portico of Portland stone, and a wide level lawn in front of the portico, that was always a blaze of scarlet geraniums. There were no novelties in the way of gardening at the Mount, and there were never likely to be any new departures while Lady Baldwin held the reins of power. She was known in the locality as a lady of remarkable "closeness," a lady who pared down every department of expenditure to the very bone. The gardens and shrubberies were always the acme of order, neat, trim, weedless; but everything was confined to the minimum of outlay; there were no new plants or shrubs, no specimen trees, no improvements; there was very little "glass," and there were only two gardeners to do the work in grounds for which most people would have kept four or five.

The dowager was never ashamed to allude to the smallness of her jointure or to bemoan her son's college debts. She had two daughters, the younger pale, sickly, and insignificant, the elder tall and large, with a beauty of the showy and highly-colored order, brown eyes, a complexion of milk and roses, freely sprinkled with freckles, and light auburn hair. A young woman of meaner station might have been called red.

The neighborhood was of opinion that it was time for the elder Miss Baldwin to marry, and that she ought to marry well; but that important factor in marriage, the bridegroom, was not forthcoming. It was a great complaint against Sir Henry that he never brought any eligible young men to the Mount.

"My mother's housekeeping would frighten them away if I did," answered Henry, when hard driven upon this point. "The young men of the present day like a good dinner. There isn't a third-rate club in London where the half-crown house dinner isn't better than the food we have here—better cooked and more plentiful."

"Perhaps, if you helped mother a little things would be more comfortable than they are," remonstrated Laura, the unselfish sister, who generally took upon herself the part of Mentor. "You must know that her income isn't enough to keep up this place as it ought to be kept.

"I don't know anything of the kind. I believe she is hoarding and scraping for you two girls; but she'll find it all go to the devil when she has been penny wise and pound foolish, for nobody worth having will ever propose to Juliet in such a dismal hole as this," continued the baronet, scornfully surveying the old-fashioned furniture, which had never been vivified by modern frivolities or made more luxurious by modern improvements.

"Juliet is not the beginning and end of our lives," replied Laura, sourly. "She has plenty of opportunities, if she would only leave off using them. I know her visiting costs a small fortune."

"A very small one," said Juliet, "I have fewer gowns than any girl I meet, and have to give smaller tips when I am leaving. The servants are hardly civil to me when I go back to a house."

"I daresay not," retorted Laura, "considering that you expect other people's maids to do more for you than your own maid would do, if you had one."

Juliet sighed, and shrugged her graceful shoulders.

"It is all very horrid and very sordid," she said, "and I wish I were dead."

"I don't go so far as that," replied Laura, "but I wish with all my heart you were married, and that mother and I could live in peace."

All this meant that the handsome Miss Baldwin was six-and-twenty, and that although she had drunk the cup of praise from men and women, not one eligible man with place and fortune to offer had offered himself. Eligible men had admired and had praised and had flattered, and had ridden away, like the knight of old, and had married some other girl; a girl with money generally, an American girl sometimes. Juliet Baldwin hated the very name of Columbus.

For want of someone better to flirt with, Juliet had flirted with Harrington Dalbrook. He was her junior by two years, and on his first visit to the Mount had succumbed to her beauty, and to the charm of manners which somewhat exaggerated the progressive spirit of the smart world. Miss Baldwin was amused by her conquest, though she had no idea of allowing her acquaintance with her brother's friend to travel beyond the strictest limits of that state of things which her neighbors call "flirtage." But "flirtage" nowadays is somewhat comprehensive; and with Juliet went so far as to allow her admirer to gratify her with offerings of gloves and flowers for her ball-dresses, when she was staying with friends in Belgravia, and the young man was taking a holiday in London.

It may be that the fascinations of this young lady had something to with Harrington's failure to pass his Divinity examination, and with his subsequent disgust at the Church of England, and his determination to throw himself into the wider faith of the naturalist and the metaphysician. He told his friends that he had got beyond Christianity as it was understood by churchmen, and set forth in the Thirty nine Articles. He had gone from the river to the sea, as he explained it, from the narrow banked-in river of orthodoxy to the wide ocean of the new faith—the new faith—faith in a universal brotherhood—faith in one's self as superior to anything else in the universe, past or present. In this enlightened attitude he had grasped at Theodore's offer, all the more eagerly, perhaps, because he had lately heard Julia Baldwin's emphatic declaration apropos to nothing particular—that she would never marry a parson, that the existence of a parson's wife in town or country seemed to her of all lives the most miserable.

Would she take more kindly to a lawyer, he asked himself with a sinking heart. Would a country practice, life in an old fashioned house in an old-fashioned market-town, satisfy her ambition? He feared not. If he was to have that radiant creature for his wife, he must exchange country for town, Dorchester for Lincoln's Inn Fields, and a house in Chester street, or at least Gloucester place. She had been used to Belgravia, Juliet she might perhaps tolerate the neighborhood of Portman square, the unaristocratic sound of Baker street, the convenience of Atlas omnibuses until the day in which he might be able to start his brougham.

Led on by this guiding star he told himself that a profession for which he was to become learned in the law, particularly in the science, art, and mystery of conveyancing, which branch of a family practice he believed to be at once dignified and the most lucrative. He had to make himself master of his profession, to make his experiments upon the inferior clay of Dorsetshire—upon farmers and small gentry—and then to persuade his father to buy him a London practice, an aristocratic London practice, such as should not only lead him to the cheek of a fashionable wife. He had met solicitors' wives who gave themselves all the airs of great ladies, and who talked as if the Bench and the Bar were set in motion and kept going by their husbands. Such a wife would be Juliet could he be so blessed as to win her.

The mild "flirtage" involving much tribute from the glove and flower, the bouquet and the photographer, had been goingon for nearly three years, and Harrington was tremendously in earnest. He was sanguine enough to think in his infatuation, thinking that it would be rather a nice thing to have a baronet as a family connection, and with a snobbish admiration for Sir Henry Baldwin's club-house manners, and slangy vocabulary, which had to be translated to them in the first instance by Harrington. The fact that Sir Henry called Miss Baldwin of the Mount, liked to see her smart little pony-cart waiting for an hour in front of the door in London, while the young lady prattled about her conquests, her frocks, and her parties over the afternoon tea-table. True that she never talked about anybody but herself, except when she slandered a rival belle; but the background of her talk was the smart world, and that was a world of which Janet and her sister loved to hear, albeit "high living and high-thinking" was the badge of their lives.

Sir Henry had a small hunting stud, and somewhat unpopular hounds, which he allowed an occasional mount, although, as he took care to impress upon her, he hated hunting women. For the pleasure of hunting in the young lady society Harrington, who had no passion for horsemanship, became all of a sudden an ardent sportsman, borrowed his brother's cob, Peter, and hired a hack hunter, from which was not quite quick enough for his friend Sir Henry.

"You don't mean hunting in the shires, so pace is not of so much consequence to you as it is to me," said the baronet; "Mahmud will carry you beautifully in our country, and he's quiet as a sheep."

It is possible that this qualification of sheepishness was Mahmud's chief merit in Harrington's estimation. He was a black horse, and looked a good deal for the money. Sir Henry asked a hundred guineas for him, and finally took a bill for eighty; the transaction was the first burden of debt which Harrington Dalbrook laid upon his shoulders after leaving the University. There had been college debts, and he had exceeded his quarterly allowance, but his father had paid those debts to the last shilling; and one grave and stern remonstrance was followed by a generous and advice for the future, had been all that Harrington had been called upon to endure. But he did not forget that his father had warned him against the consequences of any future folly.

He felt rather uncomfortable when the black horse was delivered at his door the day after morning, and when his father happened to be in the front office, whence he could see the spectacle of an unknown animal.

"Where did you get that black horse, Harrington? Is it a hire?" he asked.

"No. The fact is I've bought him."

"He is worth your money, then, for richer than I gave you credit for being if you can afford to buy yourself a hunter. He looks a well-bred one, but mere work. I hope you didn't give much for him."

"No; I got him on easy terms."

"Not on credit I hope."

"No; of course not. Sir Henry Baldwin sold him to me. I had saved a little out of my allowance, don't you know?"

"I'm very glad to hear it. And now be off and get a good day's sport, if you can. I shall want you to stick to your desk to-morrow."

Harrington took up his crop and hurried out, with a heart as heavy as lead. Never until today had he told his father a deliberate falsehood; but Matthew Dalbrook's searching look had frightened him out of his veracity. Only six months ago he had solemnly pledged himself to avoid debt, and here he was owing eighty guineas for a beast whom he could hardly hope to ride to hounds half-a-dozen times that season. He had involved himself for the beast's maintenance also, for his father's stables were full, and he had to pay livery for this new animal out at livery. He began to feel now that he had made a fool of himself; that he had been cheated into buying a horse for which he had very little use.

He was jogging along in a low-spirited way when Sir Henry and his sister came up behind him as a sheep heavily as lead. Never until today had he told his father a deliberate falsehood; but Matthew Dalbrook's searching look had frightened him out of his veracity. Only six months ago he had solemnly pledged himself to avoid debt, and here he was owing eighty guineas for a beast whom he could hardly hope to ride to hounds half-a-dozen times that season. He had involved himself for the beast's maintenance also, for his father's stables were full, and he had to pay livery for this new animal out at livery. He began to feel now that he had made a fool of himself; that he had been cheated into buying a horse for which he had very little use.

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"The black looks a trifle fresh this morning," said Sir Henry. "You'll take it out of him presently. He suits you capitally, well up to your weight. I was a little bit too heavy for him. You'll find a big jump in old Boots."

Miss Baldwin, flushed with fresh air and exercise, looked more than usually brilliant. She was particularly amiable too; and when Harrington complained that he might not be able to give Mahmud enough work she offered to meet the difficulty.

"Send him over to me whenever you don't want him," she said cheerily. "I'll make him handy for you."

The black gave another buck jump, and Harrington felt inclined to lay him at her feet there and then. It was only the remembrance of that horrid slip of stamped paper, which Matthew Dalbrook had brought home from the Captain's banking account, which restrained him. He made up his mind to send Mahmud to Patterson's livery stable, where hunting seemed to be sold without reserve. Juliet was riding a thorough-bred of which she was particularly fond, and was in very high spirits during the earlier part of the day; and in her lively society Harrington forgot the stamped paper, and gradually got on good terms with his horse. Mahmud was decidedly fast but pretty easy. A great deal better how to keep near the hounds than his new master, and really promised to be a good hunting animal.

Harrington felt that he was distinguishing himself.

"The black suits you down to the ground," shouted Sir Henry, in the middle of a run, as he bucketed past his friend upon a pulling chestnut that had no respect for anybody, but which he was through the ruck of riders like a battering-ram.

Sir Henry boasted of this animal that he never kicked a hound.

"Small thanks to him," said the master, "for he kicks everything else. Hounds are not good enough for him. He nearly smashed my leg last Monday."

Harrington and Juliet did a good deal of quiet flirtation while the hounds were drawing a spinney rather late in the day, after a very good run and a kill. He told her all about the change in his position, and that he was to be his father's partner after a very short apprenticeship to the law.

"And you will live in Dorchester all your life," said Juliet, with an involuntary scornfulness.

"Not if I can help it. I don't mean to vegetate in a dead-alive provincial town. My father has a London connection already, and all his business wants is a little new blood. I hope to start chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields before I am thirty. And if I should marry," he continued, faltering a little, "I could afford to have a house in the West End—May Fair or Belgravia, for instance."

"Let it be May Fair, I beg—for your wife's sake, whoever she may be," said Juliet, smiling lightly. "A small house in Belgravia is an abomination. There is an atmosphere of invincible dreariness throughout that district which can only be redeemed by wealth and splendor. Perhaps it is because the place is on a level with Millbank. There is a flavor of the penitentiary very air. Now at Curzon or Lafford street one breathes the air of the Park and Piccadilly, and one could exist in a hansom. But really now, Harrington, joking apart, is it not rather wild in a young man like you—not out of paternal leading-strings—to talk about marriage and housekeeping!

"Not exactly help lighting for the future. Besides I am not so very young. I am four-and-twenty."

Juliet laughed a short cynical laugh, which ended in a sigh. She wondered whether he knew that she was three years older. Brothers are such traitors.

"I am four-and-twenty, and I feel that it is in me to succeed," concluded Harrington, with a comfortable vanity which he mistook for the vigorous self-reliance of genius.

The hounds drew blank, and they jogged homewards presently, by lane and common, Sir Henry riding in front with one of his particular friends, and talking horse-flesh all the way, and Juliet and Harrington following slowly side by side in earnest conversation.

"I'm tired of the history of Troy, about which she did not care twopence—his "phases of faith and feeling," as he expressed it alliteratively. All the weary talk of a young man on his prospects—whether his father was as well off as he was said to be—she had heard people talk of this a very little. There are those officious people who are always calculating other people's incomes, and descanting upon the little their neighbors spend, and the much that they should contrive to save, and Juliet had heard a deal of this kind of talk about Matthew Dalbrook, whose unpretentious and somewhat old-fashioned style of living for an income of doubtful reserved force—wealth invested and accumulating for a smarter generation. After all, perhaps, this young man, whose adoration was so obvious, might not be such a despicable person. He might be fairly well off by and by, with a fourth, or better than a fourth share of Matthew Dalbrook's scraping and saving. He cousined Cheriton's cousin, and therefore could hardly be called a nobody.

Moved by those considerations, gravely weighed in the grave and grey November dusk, as they rode slowly between tall hedges, leafy still, but sear and red with the frost, Juliet had inclined to let herself be engaged to her legal lover. She had been engaged to several people since she danced at her first ball. The bread and butter count for very much in her mind. One could always slip out of that kind of thing, if it became inconvenient—one could manage with such tact that the man himself would feel the operation of the dissolution as a gift. Juliet and her lovers had always parted friends; and she wore more than one half hoop of sapphires or of brilliants which had once played a solemn part, which had lapsed into a souvenir of friendship.

She was not so foolish as to hasten matters. She wanted to see her way before her; and she remembered Napoleon's youthful ardor with the calm *sangfroid* of seven-and-twenty. She had been a lovable boy, and declared that she must cease to be friends if he insisted upon talking nonsense. She would have to accept a very pressing invitation to Lady Cheriton Brigg's Castle in Scotland, which she had been fencing with for years, if he made it difficult for them to meet. She threw him into a state of despair by this sudden and decisive blow.

"I won't say a word you can take objection to," he protested, "though I can't think why you should object."

"You forget that I have to study other people's ideas as well as my own," she answered gently. "I hope you won't be offended if I tell you that my mother would never speak to me again if I were engaged to you."

"No doubt Lady Baldwin has higher views," the young man said sadly.

"Much higher views. My poor mother belongs to the old school. She cannot forget that her grandfather was a marquis. It is foolish, but I suppose it is human nature. Don't let us talk any more about this nonsense. I like you very much as my brother's friend, and I shall be telling you if you don't make me unhappy by talking nonsense."

Harrington took comfort from that one word "unhappy." It implied depths of passion beneath that fashionable manner which held him at arm's length.

His spirits were somewhat dashed presently when Miss Baldwin looked with friendly contemptuousness at his neat heather-mixture coat and mud-stained white cords, and said cheerily:

"It's a pity you don't belong to the hunt. I fancy you would look rather nice in pink!"

"I—I—I've so lately given up the idea of the church," he faltered.

"Yes, but now you have given it up, you ought to be a member of the hunt. Let my father know you are up at the meeting. We are pretty sure of being elected, and then you can order your pink swallow-tail coat in time for the hunt ball in December."

Harrington shivered. That would mean two red coats—a hunting coat and a dancing coat. But this idea of twenty pounds laid out upon coats was not the worst. Twenty years ago, when he had ridden as hard and kept as good horses as any member of the hunt, Matthew Dalbrook had resolutely declined the honor of membership. He had considered that a provincial solicitor had other work than to ride to hounds twice or three times a week. He might be as liberal as pleasure now and then, and give an occasional relaxation in a hard-working professional life; but it was not for him to spend long days tearing about the country with the men of those lands and interests he was in some wise custodian.

Theodore, who was at heart much more of a sportsman than his younger brother, had disregarded his father's old-fashioned prejudices, whatever line they took, and he had never allowed his name to be put up for the hunt. He was a barrister, and could afford to keep an occasional relaxation in a hard-working professional life; but it was not for him to spend long days tearing about the country with the men of those lands and interests he was in some wise custodian.

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Harrington was not strong in that chief virtue of man, moral courage—the modern and lofty version of that old Roman fortitude from which was the Roman's only idea of virtue. He felt that to acknowledge himself afraid to put up for election into the sacred circle of the hunt feat he should offend his father, was to own by implication that a solicitor was not quite upon the social level of landed gentry and retired military men, the country parsons and majors who form the chief ornament of the average hunt club.

He had muttered something to the effect that his father was not sporting, and wouldn't like him to waste too much time riding to hounds.

"That does that matter?" exclaimed Juliet.

"You needn't go out any oftener because you are a member of the Hunt. There are men who appear scarcely half a dozen times in a season—men who have left the neighborhood, and only come down for a run now and then for old sake's sake."

"I'll think it over," faltered Harrington. "Don't say anything to Sir Henry about it just yet."

"As you please; but I sha'n't dance with you at the ball if you wear a black coat," said Juliet, giving her bridle a sharp little shake and trotting forward to join her brother.

Mahmud, discomposed by that sudden start, gave a shambling elderly shy; Harrington fulfilled his duty in into a walk, and rode sulkily on, and allowed the other three riders to melt from him in the shades of evening.

He was beginning to see exceedingly, and it would be promotion for a country solicitor to be engaged to a girl of such high standing; but he felt the chosen lady was very far off and hard to round with difficulty. She was expensive herself, and a cause of expense in others. She had spent the brightest years of her girlhood in visiting in country houses, where every thing was on a grander scale than at the Mount. She had escaped from the barrenness of home to the munificence of cobloaven and millionaires. She had strained all her energies towards one aim—to be popular, and to be asked to be popular. She had not a big circlet of most of the best smokerooms in the three kingdoms, and had been talked about everywhere as the handsome Miss Baldwin. Yet her twenty-seventh birthday had sounded, and she was Miss Baldwin still. Half-a-dozen times she had fancied herself on the eve of a great matrimonial alliance, and had seen the edifice alt her to the pinnacle of social distinction—and at the last moment, as it seemed, the man had changed his mind, or some malicious harpy mother of ugly daughters, or disappointed spinster, had told the eligible suitor "things" about Miss Baldwin—harmless little deviations from the truth concerning her age and fortune, the suitor had cried off, fearing in his own succinct speech that he was going to be "bad." At twenty-and-twenty, changed by the reputation of failure—spoken of by the initiated as "that handsome girl Maltravers so nearly married, don't you know?"—Miss Baldwin felt that the hope of a great match was over. The funeral bell of ambition had tolled. She began to grow reckless; eat her dinner, and took her wine somewhat freely, and sometimes smoked as many cigarettes as a secretary of legation; read all the new French novels, and talked about them with her partners; was keen upon racing, and loved euchre and nap. She had half made up her mind to throw herself away upon the first wealthy cotton-spinner who should meet her fancy. North was the only allowed herself to be touched by Harrington Dalbrook's somewhat boyish devotion, and began to consider that he might be well for her to end her chequered career by a love match.

He was good-looking, much better educated than her brother, and his brother's sister had adored her. But on the other hand he was utterly without any claims to be considered "smart," and marriage with him would mean a best bread and butter breakfast, and fresh mean nothing better than bread and cheese until they should both be middle-aged, and she should have lost all sensitiveness of grain. She had met solicitors' wives in society who wore diamonds, and who hurried away from evening parties because they were afraid of being horsed coaching—and coaching was a pastime which Juliet had implied that horses were a novelty. She had even heard of solicitors making big fortunes; but she considered that such people were exceptional men, and she did not see in her lover's character the potentality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Moved by these mixed feelings she allowed her lover to dangle in a state of uncertainty, and to spend all his spare cash upon those airy nothings—the bouquets and the gloves—which easy temper will accept from even a casual admirer. He knew the glover whose gloves she approved, and she occasionally told him the color of a gown in advance, so that he might give her a suitable fan; and she had, furthermore, an off-hand way of mentioning any songs or new French novels she desired.

"How very sweet of you," she would say, when the songs or the books appeared, "but it is really too bad that I must never mention anything I want in your hearing."

In spite of which wise remark the volatile damsel went on mentioning things, and being surprised that he wished to hear them.

Miss Baldwin had met Lady Cheriton and her daughter both in town and country, and she and her people had been invited to garden parties at Cheriton Castle, but there had been no intimacy between the families. Lady Cherilon shrank with an inward terror from a young lady who wore a profusion of jewelry which dropped like pearls and diamonds—or like toads and adders—according to the idea of her hearers—from Miss Baldwin's lips. Rumors of the young man's attachment had been conveyed to the Priory by Juanita's mother-in-law and Harrington having gone to a family dinner at Milbrook was severely interrogated by his cousin.

"I hope there is no truth in what I have heard about you, Harry," she said confidentially, "but if you can answer that question until you tell me what you have heard," he replied with offended dignity.

"Something that would make me very unhappy if it were true. I was told you were getting entangled with that Miss Baldwin."

"I don't know why you should lay such an offensive emphasis upon the demonstrative pronoun. Miss Baldwin is beautiful and accomplished—and—I am very proud of being seen with her."

"Has it gone so far as that, Harry? Are you actually engaged to her?"

"I am not actually engaged—she has a right to look a good deal higher—but I hope to make her my wife as soon as I am in a position to marry. She has given me so much encouragement that I don't think she will refuse me when the right time comes."

"But, my dear boy, she is always giving encouragement," protested the anxious cousin.

Dear little Lucy Grenville was at the piano at the other end of the room playing an infantile arrangement of Batti, batti," with fingers in her ears, while mother and grandmother hung over her enraptured, and while the rest of the family party talked their loudest, so the conversation was safe from the dreadful crime of being overhead. "She is the most encouraging young lady I ever heard. She has jilted and been jilted a dozen times, I believe."

"You believe," echoed Harrington, with intense indignation; "I wonder that a girl of your good sense—in most things—can give heed to such idle gossip."

"Do you mean to say that she has not been jilted?"

"Certainly not. I know that her name has been associated with the names of men in society. Silly people who write for the papers have given out that she was going to marry Lord Welbeck, Sir Humphrey Random—Heaven knows whom. A girl can't stay at big houses, and be admired as she has been admired, in a manner so conspicuous as hers. But she is heartily sick of that kind of life, an endless web of unmeaning gaieties—that is why she herself asked for the ball. She is very glad to settle down to a refined, quiet life—say, at the West End of London, with a Victoria and brougham, and a little house, prettily furnished. One can furnish so prettily and so cheaply nowadays," concluded Harrington, with his mind's eye upon certain illustrated advertisements he had seen of cabinet-makers' dining-rooms—Sheraton drawing-rooms—for a mere song.

"I don't heard people say that a reformed rake makes a good husband," said Juanita, gravely, "but I have never heard that a reformed flirt makes a good wife."

"It is a shame to talk like that, Juanita. Every handsome girl is more or less a flirt. She can't help flirting. Men insist upon flirting with her."

"Does your father know that you mean to marry Miss Baldwin?"

"No, I have never mentioned marriage to him. That will come in good time."

"And do you think he will approve?"

"I don't know. He is full of old-fashioned prejudices; but I don't see how he can object to my marrying into one of the county families."

"Don't you think it will be more like Miss Baldwin marrying out of one of the county families? I'm afraid from what I know of her brother and of old Lady Baldwin they would both want her to marry money."

"I suppose they would rather that for the last four or five years," answered Harrington; "but it has not come to that, and they must be satisfied with the choice to marry for love."

"Well, I mustn't plague you any more, Harry. I see your heart is too deeply involved. I hope Miss Baldwin is a nicer girl than I have ever thought her. Girls are sometimes prejudiced against each other."

"Occasionally," says Harrington, with satirical emphasis.

Lucy finished "Batti, batti," with a final chord in the bass and a final twirl in the treble, and was so unanimously by her grandmother to have achieved wonders.

"Her time is a little uncertain," her mother remarked modestly; "but she has a magnificent ear. You should see her run to the window when there is an organ in the street."

"Yes, mother," cried Johnny, "but she never stays to listen unless there is a monkey on the top."

December came, and the hunt ball, at which more than one young Miss Baldwin's discarded or discarding admirers were present. The young lady looked very handsome in white satin and gauze, without a vestige of color about her embellishments, and with an air and an audacity which is the peculiar privilege of dressmakers who live south of Oxford street. The white gown set off Miss Baldwin's brilliant coloring, and looked well against the pink coats of her partners.

Harrington's dress suit had been a thing of beauty and a joy to him when it came home from his London tailor's, folded as no human hands could ever fold it again, enshrined in layers of tissue paper. Juliet had helped to unpack it, and had exclaimed at the extravagance of the corded-silk lapels and the silk-faced coat-linings, and had himself deemed that the archetypal coat could scarcely be more beautiful. Yet in this lurid ball-room he felt ashamed of his modest black twilled kersimere, and the insignificant cut of his dress coat. The fox-hunters seemed to him to have it all their own way.

Miss Baldwin however was not unkind. She danced with him oftener than with anyone else especially after supper, when she became unmanageable in the matter of her engagements, and when her card was found to hold twice as many names as there were dances, and one carcasture of a lobster waltzing with a champagne bottle, supplied by an unknown hand.

It was a cold, clear night, and youth and impatience were going in couples to the garden behind the ball-room for coolness between the dances, and to look at the frosty stars, which, in the enthusiasm of girlhood, were accepted as a novelty. Harrington and Juliet were among those who ventured into the garden, the lady wrapped in a great white fur cloak, which made her look like a huge ermine in a snow-piece.

"Poor Doriscourt brought me this polar bear-skin," she said. "He shot the bear himself, at the risk of his life. I had asked him to bring me a skin when he came home."

"You asked him to give you something for which he must risk his life, and yet you make your new fuss at accepting the skin he novel from me," said Harrington, with tender reproachfulness.

"Poor Doriscourt and Doriscourt are so different," exclaimed Juliet, rather contemptuously. "He was a great dare-devil, who would have come down hand-over-hand on a rope from the ceiling if there had been any way of getting up there."

"What has become of him?"

"Dead! He died a year ago—of drink, I'm afraid—lung-complaint complicated with delirium. Poor fellow!"

She bowed her head in deep sigh, with that little pensive air which in a young lady of experience is as much as to say, "He was the only man I ever loved," and then she turned the conversation to a subject which had exhausted the champagne, which she sweepingly condemned.

Harrington hated that talk about the supper. He would have preferred talking of the stars like a school-girl, or Claude Melnotte, rendering what star should be our home when love becomes immortal." To be told that the wine which now poured in his veins was a thing that his passion was not worth three-and-sixpence a bottle jarred upon his finer feelings. "You are such a cold-blooded girl," he said. "I think I never get any nearer to your real self—for I know there is a heart under that mocking vein."

And then he repeated his simple story of a humble, devoted love—humble because the woman he loved was the loveliest among all girls he had ever talked of the supper and

Solving the Riddle.

"There were Three Wise Men came out from the East—
Casper, Melchior and Balthazar!"

Mary Addis was humming the refrain softly to herself, over and over again, as she sat in the small studio that she had improvised in the north end of the garret, with draperies of Turkey-red cloth artistically hung to conceal the rough boards and unplaned beams. In spite of the crackling fire in the air-tight wood stove, the little nook was uncomfortably chill, for the big window rattled in its socket at each gust of the west wind, and the setting sun shone upon a wintry landscape of frozen river and snow-mantled fields.

"I shall finish this in a week more, if nothing happens to delay me," thought Mary. "And Mrs. Elder is to give me twenty dollars for it—and poor mamma shall have the invalid chair she needs, and perhaps there will be a little left for fruit and toys for the children! But I shall be sorry to part with it; it is going to be a pretty picture, I think, although nothing like the original!"

And she glanced lovingly at her model, a foot-square bit of canvas, framed in gleaming gold, which represented a purple eastern sunrise with the Epiphany Star shining above three turbaned pilgrims, on the shore of a misty, palm-shadowed river, and once more she sang the words, this time only just above her breath:

"There were Three Wise Men came out from the East—
Casper, Melchior and Balthazar!"

She had just added a thought more scarlet to the robe of the middle monarch, when the door flew open, and her little sister stood there, breathless and terrified.

"Mary! Mary!" she cried, "make haste! Mamma has had one of her bad turns over at Widow Gauffer's! They want you right away!"

The brush dropped from Addis' hand; she sprang from her seat, and, without waiting to remove her linen painting blouse, caught a shawl from the nearest chair and ran down stairs.

"Poor Mary! Life's trials had encompassed her but too early, and the care of her invalid mother was a heavy weight on her slender girlish shoulders.

In a wild, back-country wilderness like this nobody paid much heed to locks and keys, and five minutes afterwards, when a sleigh drew up before the Addis farm-house, Mrs. Elder and her daughter encountered no difficulty in making their way up to Mary's studio, after they ha' knocked and called, called and knocked, in vain for a guide.

"These country people are so strange," said Miss Justinia Elder, shivering in her sealskins. "Probably they've gone to a corn-husking or an apple-bee or something. Oh, what a dear little studio! And what an exquisite view of White-back Peak over these woods!"

"Here's the very picture!" cried Mrs. Elder. "'The Wise Men and the Star.' Now I call this fortunate."

For Mrs. Virgil Elder was the lady who had commissioned Miss Addis to paint the picture, and who had now come, somewhat in advance of the stipulated time, to claim the treasure.

"And all framed into the bargain," said Justinia, eying the gilt scrolls and mouldings with a critical glance. "Well, she has been

industrious. I didn't think she could paint so well! There's some wrapping-paper under the chair, mamma; pack it up, and let's be going. It will be dark before we get through those woods."

"What without seeing Miss Addis?"

"What else can we do, mamma? She may not be back before midnight, and we must have the picture for my coming out reception. You can write her a note and enclose the money—or I'll do it myself. But there's no time for delays now."

And Miss Justinia, whose sweeping skirts had knocked the poor little copy, face downward, on the floor, caught up the sheet of brown paper, and herself began the task of wrapping up the picture.

"I think it's fully worth twenty dollars," said she.

"That, at least," said Mrs. Elder. "The girl is really a genius."

And the echo of the gold-plated sleigh-bells had long since died away through the woods, when two young women knocked at the Addis door—Miss Merrill and her maid Julie.

Mary herself came to respond to the summons. Mrs. Addis had been safely brought home, and now reposed on a chintz-covered lounge by the fire, surrounded by hot water bottles and an atmosphere of camphor.

"Oh! is it you, Miss Merrill?" said Mary.

"We want Juan's picture," said Miss Merrill, "only for a day or two, of course. You are not done with it, but Julie will bring it back next week. We have a friend staying with us whom——"

"Pray come up to my studio," said Mary, hurriedly lighting a lamp. "I am not quite through with it, but, of course, I can wait. Lulu"—to the next eldest girl—"take care of mamma until I come back."

Once up in the eyrie-like studio, however, Mary glanced around in bewilderment. Her own piece of canvas lay, face downward, on the floor, the door was half open, and the exquisite little cabinet picture that she had borrowed of Juan Merrill was gone!

"Why," she gasped, "it is not here!"

"Not here!" repeated Miss Merrill.

"*Oui!*" tragically interpolated Julie, the French maid, with uplifted hands.

"What can have become of it?" said poor Mary, wringing her hands. "It was here on the stand when I went away. Surely, surely, it cannot have been stolen!"

"Rather an improbable idea, I should think," said Miss Merrill, a little stiffly.

All search, however, proved vain, and Miss Merrill and Julie returned home without the little cabinet painting, which had cost Juan a hundred and fifty dollars.

"I told Juan he was a fool to lend that farmer's daughter his little Escorean," said Miss Merrill, hotly.

Mr. Merrill bit his lip.

"She may be a farmer's daughter," said he, "but she is a thoroughbred lady, all the same, and I do not in the least regret what I have done."

"Not if you lose the painting!"

"I shall not lose it. I am certain of that."

No more was said about the Escorean, and Mary Addis cried herself to sleep that night, after turning the studio upside down and inside out in vain.

"It's like witchcraft," said she. "What can have become of the picture? Mr. Merrill will be here, and what shall I say to him?"

Mr. Merrill stayed away.

"It will be the best way in which I can show my perfect confidence in her," said he.

Miss Merrill went to New York the next week, to attend the coming out ball of a certain friend of hers, one Miss Justinia Elder. When she came back, she went at once to her brother's library.

"I've found it, Juan," said she.

"Found what, Augusta?"

"The Escorean. The Three Wise Men."

"Yes! And where?" rather incredulously.

"That girl has sold it, for twenty dollars, to Mrs. Elder."

"Sold it? My painting?"

"Yes, your painting! I saw it myself on Justinia Elder's *boudoir* wall. And she told me her mother bought it of one Mary Addis, who professed to have painted it herself. There's your pink of perfection, your mirror of integrity," she added, scornfully.

Juan Merrill thoughtfully pulled his mustache.

"There is some mistake here," said he.

"A mistake! How can there be a mistake?" cried Miss Merrill, angrily. "Don't I tell you I saw it myself!"

"In spite of that," said Merrill, "I still believe Miss Addis to be the mirror of integrity. And I mean to go at once to the Addis farm-house, to inquire into the whole business.

Augusta bit her lip. Of all things her chief desire was to keep Juan as far away as possible from pretty Mary Addis, and she could not but see that her intelligence had had directly the wrong effect.

Mary Addis was neither reading in her *boudoir*, nor playing the guitar in a bower of roses, like the ideal young lady of the fashionable novel. She was making pumpkin pies in the kitchen, and the traces of recent tears were yet on her cheek, when Mr. Merrill knocked at the door. She turned as pale as a pale lily-leaf when she saw him.

"Oh, Mr. Merrill!" she gasped.

"Don't cry, Mary!" he exclaimed. "Dear Mary, all the pictures that ever were painted are not worth one of those tears!"

"But—but—you must think me a thief——"

"I think you are an angel!" said Juan. "No—you cannot escape, my darling! You must stay here long enough to hear me vow that I love you!"

And so, over pie-board and the stewed pumpkin, and the basket of pearl white eggs, Mary Addis became engaged to Juan Merrill. She had sometimes fancied that he liked her, but she had never dared to hope for this. And as for Juan, he believed Mary to be the queen-rose of all the world.

"But," said Mary, smiling through her happy tears, "all this don't solve the riddle. What can possibly have become of the Escorean?"

"Oh, hang the Escorean!" said Juan. "What do I care for Escoreans so long as I have you?"

"Yes, but, Juan——"

At that moment there came a footstep on the threshold, the tap of a whip handle on the door. It was Peter Gauffer returning from milk.

"I stopped at the post office," said Peter, with an explanatory snort. "Postma'am she give me a letter fo' you, Miss Addis."

And Peter Gauffer climbed into his wagon and drove off without waiting for thanks.

"It's Miss Elder's monogram, in black and silver, on the envelope," said she. "Oh, dear! and her picture will never be finished now. For the canvas was spoiled, and——"

"Slowly she opened it. Out dropped a check for twenty dollars, in Miss Elder's writing.

"A regular Fairy Godmother business," said Merrill. "Read it, Mary. Let's see what it all means."

And as Mary read it the various expressions succeeded each other in her face like summer shadows floating over a field of corn.

"Oh, Juan!" she cried, "it's all as clear as daylight! Mrs. Elder came here one day when we were all out, and took away the picture! She thought it was the one I had promised to paint for her—as if I could paint like M. Escorean—and she took it away, because she was in a hurry——"

"Rather a Goth-and-Vandal proceeding, I should think," observed Mr. Merrill.

"And she meant to have written to me before," added Mary, scarce knowing whether to laugh or to cry. "Oh, Juan, I am so glad—I mean I am so sorry! In fact, I don't quite know what I do mean. I know I mean something."

"Well," said Juan. "You mean that you are going to stop troubling yourself about this business, once for all, and leave me to straighten it out."

"Yes," said Mary, "I think I do."

So the two lovers became engaged (Miss Merrill could only tear her hair, ineffectually, of course), and the "Escorean" was sent back to its true owner, while the twenty-dollar check was promptly refunded to Mrs. Elder.

"And of all pictures," said Mary, when she came as a bride to the Merrill mansion, and saw the little "Escorean" hanging over the mantel in her room, "I love that of the 'Three Wise Men' best!"

Time Flew.

An old negro woman, while walking along a street, met an old negro man.

"Look yere," said the woman, "ain't dat you, Dan'l?"

"Dat's my name lady."

"Is you de Dan'l dat wuz my husban' an' wuz sent ter de penytenchy fur ten years?"

"Yas, 'um."

"An' is de ten years out?"

"Yas, 'um."

"Wall, law me, I's had three husban's sense dat time. Huh, ole man, I'd dun furgot you. An' you's all crippled up, ain't you? I 'clar, I neber seed time fly so."

A Wondrous Flower.

A maiden from the city tripped lightly 'mid the trees, and sniffed the pungent odor that floated on the breeze. "Oh, tell me, ancient farmer, with arms so brown and bare, what is that wondrous flower that scents the morning air?" Loud laughed the ancient farmer, till the tears rolled down his cheek. "Why, bless you, that's a polecat, and I've smelt him for a week!"

A Smart Boy and his Grandpapa.

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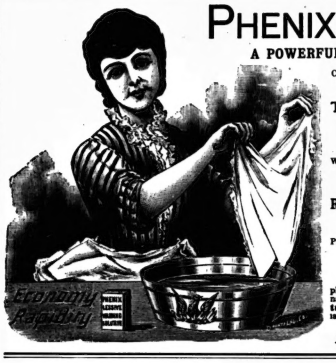

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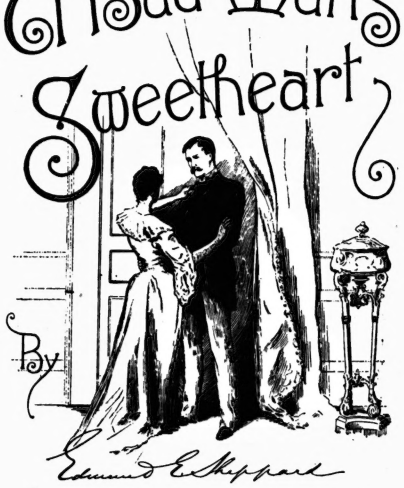

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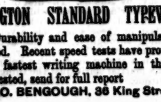

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High Life in France.

As is well known politics and society are more closely connected in France than perhaps in any other country. In the New World they have little to do with each other, the *beau monde* is a sphere altogether apart from the political system. But in France the traditions of the *salon* have survived both the monarchy and the empire, and high society not merely acts powerfully upon public life, but to a still greater degree perhaps is influenced by it. This being the case it is not surprising that the widespread political corruption which prevails in French governmental affairs should have re-acted upon social life and manners. A recently published work *La Fin d'un Monde*, by M. Etouard Drumont gives a very forcibly drawn, though perhaps somewhat over-colored picture of the terrible degeneracy and moral corruption of fashionable Parisian circles. The author, although politically a reactionary, does not spare the aristocratic and exclusive element—the inheritors of the traditions of the *ancienne noblesse*—from his sweeping strictures. According to him the former restrictions of caste, once so powerful, have been completely swept away before the power of suddenly acquired wealth. A shoal of adventurers made rich by fraudulent contracts and shady speculations have been able to buy the *entrée* into the most exclusive mansions. The result has been not only a lowering of morals, but what is considerably worse in the eyes of the average Frenchman—the decadence of manners. Men and women of the most notorious antecedents can associate upon terms of equality and friendship with the very flower of the Faubourg St. Germain, and their lack of polish and refinement has infected the whole of modern French society. A certain show of exclusiveness is still kept up—but this is merely to enhance the price which the owners of the money-bags must pay for admission to the charmed circle. Tribute is levied upon them by the poor and once proud bearers of noble names in many indirect ways—sometimes indeed directly and without show of concealment. A commission to a needy aristocrat will buy an introduction to high life. As to the shifts and dishonorable modes of life to which some social leaders are obliged to resort to keep up their establishments on the scale now demanded by a world in which Mammon is supreme we dare hardly follow the author. Suffice it to say that his revelations recall the corruptions of the period before the Revolution—with the additional element of venality, and the absence of those refinements and graces owing to which in the words of Burke "vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." The state of affairs which Drumont depicts not only as regards high life, but society in its broader aspects gives us the key to Boulangerism.

The American Girl Abroad.

English periodicals and newspapers are still discussing the American girl, whose social triumphs in the most select and exclusive circles of the Old Country, are yet a cause of much amazement to old-fashioned English people. The process of capturing specially eligible members of the aristocracy—along with some who are not particularly eligible—by freshly imported American damsels, has been going on for some time, but the novelty of the sensation has not apparently diminished. *Punch* sized up the situation the other day in a cartoon representing the British matron alarmed for the future prospects of her group of eligible daughters engaging an American governess just over from New York to teach her offspring the United States language with all the idioms—and remarking that there were still a few dukes left in the matrimonial market. Various are the reasons assigned for the success of the fair Americans in securing the best prizes in the race for a settlement in life. A recent writer in the *National Review* lays it all to the difference in training. The English girl is not naturally very dissimilar to the American, but she has been carefully watched and guarded from all free, familiar association with the other sex, and even after she has "come out" is kept as it were tied to her mother's apron-string. Her American cousin on the contrary has been brought up on the "go as you please" principle. She has associated freely with young men and knows how to take care of herself. Consequently there is a freedom and snap about her conversation which captivates men accustomed to the tameness and insipidity of ordinary drawing-room converse. There is another reason which is perhaps a still more potent one. The American girls who marry titles in Britain are nearly always wealthy. It is only, as a rule, rich Americans who get into the exclusive set where marriageable dukes and earls are to be met with. The aristocrats who regard money as essential in choosing a wife have, of course, ample room for selection among their own countrywomen. But for a nobleman to marry the daughter of an Englishman who had grown rich by trade or speculation would be regarded as something of a *mesalliance*. It is different in the case of an American whom nobody expects to have a pedigree and whose family antecedents are judged from quite a different standard to that which would be applied to English people. In short, an American alliance gives all the advantage of the ordinary and long familiar bargain-and-sale contracts by which tarnished coronets are regilt by the money of the *nouveaux riches* without any social stigma attaching.

A good move has been made in instituting the People's Popular *(sic)* Concerts, one of which was given on Tuesday evening, and if a large audience is any criterion of appreciation, its promoters must have felt encouraged to proceed, even though they have started their project only late in the season. The performers were Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Jessie Alexander, Miss May McCormack and Messrs. Clarke, Ramsay and Warrington, all popular names, whose efforts met with the usual applause and encores. An orchestra was present under Mr. Arthur Depew, and it is right in this idea of a small orchestra that the element of success should lie, if the orchestra is made a more prominent feature than it was on Tuesday evening, when it was down for only two numbers. There is really no reason why a small professional orchestra of sixteen or twenty members should not make itself a prominent and welcome feature of our musical entertainments, if its members will only exercise some self-denial and meet for rehearsals without pay until a fair repertoire is learned. They must have a good conductor who knows his men and who knows the instruments they play, and they should pin in their hats the motto: "If we don't practice sufficiently to play well, no one will want to hear us." One reason why orchestras are dispensed with so frequently when they might, and perhaps should, be used, is because it is next to impossible to get the members together for practice, consequently they play badly. And then they sneer at the city, and say it won't support an orchestra.

*

Local energy has again done something creditable. I have several times this winter in these columns asked for a string quartette and am glad to say that we shall yet have some chamber music ere the season closes. Four teachers of the Conservatory, Messrs. Boucher, Napolitano, D'Auria and Dinelli have formed a quartette, and are hard at work. Their first concert takes place on Monday, April 29, when they will play a quartette of Haydn and one by Mendelssohn. These will be played in full and other lighter pieces will be added as well as solos.

*

A few days ago I received a copy of the Leipsic Centralblatt fuer Musik, containing an article by Carl Ress on the development of the higher register of the voice. Herr Ress was in time a noted vocalist and is now one of the principal vocal teachers in Leipsic. All teachers will have observed the difficulty of blending the highest with the middle register, especially in male voices. Ress' method of overcoming this difficulty is worthy of trial. He advises the student to sing softly in the high register on the vowel sound *ee*, then *ah* followed by *ai*. This soft tone should be what is vulgarly known as falsetto, and should then be developed into the stronger "closed" tone, and distributed to the lower voice by descending runs, scales, etc. This theory is a fair one, and these suggestions, if carefully followed out, should produce lightness of tone and agility in the upper notes.

*

Mr. Agramonte is full of big projects just now. He proposes to build an Opera Comique on Fifth avenue, has the necessary financial backing, and has an undiscovered mine of fresh, beautiful voices, who are to render comic opera in the "American" language, the whole scheme to be topped off with the mere trifle of stimulating American composition and a possible American school of music by giving annually a prize of $1,000 for a libretto, and $2,000 for a score! As my old German teacher used to say of any particularly sanguine youth: "Er hat grosse Rosinen im Kopf!" The *American Musician* very aptly says of the Signor's latest fad: "He has all the money he wants, he says he has singers here that cannot be matched elsewhere, and half a dozen composers the equal of any abroad. I wish he had given us the names of his singers and of his half-dozen composers. Who are his twenty prima donnas? Who is the doctor of Baltimore whose tenor voice will make us open our eyes? Or the Canadian basso? Or the Creole lady from New Orleans? They may be all as good as Agramonte's fancy paints them, but I should just like to know something more about them." I can answer for the Canadian basso. He is still in Hamilton, attending to his business like a good, sensible young man. But, hold! I know of another Canadian—a baritone—of whom he has an equally high opinion. At all events he told him (the baritone) so last summer. But this gentleman is also likely to maintain the strict attention to business and prompt fulfilment of all orders that have combined to make him one of Toronto's successful business men. I cannot help fancying that our friend with the contradictory name has discovered a sort of philosopher's stone in the advertising line. He loses no diamonds, keeps no detectives to watch them while he sings, is not vaccinated in the leg for fear of destroying the beauty of his arm, does not develop a mad dog in the cars, and does not figure as the aggrieved party in divorce cases, but he—starts fads about discovering hidden and talented *American* singers, with an occasional Canadian thrown in, and thus tickles the popular United States fancy, as well as that of Mr. Wiman's followers. It all comes around in this: that he knows not how to advertise, must starve. Mr. A. won't starve just yet.

*

Rev. E. P. Crawford of Brockville, who was our favorite baritone here some twenty years ago, has written two songs, published by Nordheimer. The Cobbler tells a pretty story and the music has a good swing about it, with a spirited refrain. The other song, The Dying Chorister, has a touching strain, and the setting is melodious and taking. It is for tenor or soprano. Other new music that has reached me is "Six o'Clock in the Bay," by Stephen Adams, Norman's Tower, by E. N. Lohr, and Saint Anthony, by Adams. The first of these is one of those stirring sea songs which Adams writes so well, and which Maybrick sings so well. The last of these songs has a vein of humor running through it, and has a good rollicking movement to a pretty melody. Norman's Tower is a strong song with a splendid melody, and a martial spirit, just the thing for a bright baritone.

METRONOME.

A kindly star looked down on the birth of Miss Julia Marlowe, and propitious powers have been more than lavish in the gifts they have conferred on this gentle girl. She has suddenly dropped on the stage almost as a being from another sphere, and is already taking rank with artists who have achieved fame by years of laborious study. Since she stood blushing and trembling on the stage of a Boston theater responding to the cheers and plaudits of an enthusiastic audience, her tour has been a succession of triumphs, and those who saw her at the Grand Opera House last week now know the reason. A dozen old timers were heard mentioning the name of Adelaide Neilson and saying that no more pleasing representation of several roles taken by Miss Marlowe had been seen here since the days of that incomparable actress.

*

Miss Marlowe is a beautiful girl. One cannot call her a woman without violating the impression she makes on those who see her on the stage. She is not womanly in the sense of being mature in form and character, but girlish and so delightfully girlish that it lends a charm even to the slight imperfections of her acting. Her eyes are large and blue. They are honest eyes, and the mute appeal in their lustrous depths is more eloquent than speech. Her dark, curly hair is bunched at the back of a small, well-poised head. She has a strong, clear-cut face, straight nose, a mouth rather large with white, even teeth and nervous, flexible lips, which are as expressive as her eyes, and which modulate the tones of a voice as clear and mellow as the note of a blackbird. Her slender supple figure is as graceful as Euphrosyne, and whether dressed in the flowing and clinging robes of Parthenia, or the doublet and hose of Rosalind and Viola, its every movement reveals new combinations of chastely beautiful lines.

*

But much as she owes to her physical perfections, Miss Marlowe is not one of those alleged actresses who star on their beauty and their wardrobe. She has "that within which surpasses show," and which awakens in the most callous critic an enthusiasm that only the magic of genius can inspire. Wherein this subtle charm lies is difficult to define. That mysterious something which we call personal magnetism, an earnest and sympathetic personality, a pure intuitive taste, her spontaneous natural gesticulation and posing, together with the air of exquisite girlish freshness about her all unite to make the spectator sink many small technical imperfections in the pleasure he feels on seeing a beautiful character beautifully portrayed. "She has no method," a critic has said. "She is as natural as the dews of heaven."

*

Miss Marlowe's introduction to a Toronto audience was in the role of Parthenia in Ingomar, the Barbarian. The portrayal of the innocent and simple-minded Greek girl given by Miss Marlowe is largely original and wholly delightful. But of the four characters which she presented here Rosalind is undoubtedly her best. As You Like It is a half dream. It is redolent of the forest, of the fluttering of leaves, of the songs of birds, of the hum of moss and of the brook "that to the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune." Into to such a sylvan scene this child of nature drops as gracefully as a wild flower, and gives such a picture of the sweet, ethereal, bright, womanly conception of the great poet as one would like never to forget. With a clear idea of the poetic possibilities of the part and presenting them with all the skill at her command, and it is not small, the chief offence of which we can accuse this actress is that which the younger Pitt so hotly resented—youth and its attendant inexperience and excessive sensibility. Many of us might wish to be guilty of the same. As Pauline in the Lady of Lyons and Viola in Twelfth Night, she gave universal pleasure, and many who have been charmed with her work at the commencement of her career would be pleased to see this clever young lady rise to the pinnacle of histrionic art.

*

The support in this company was excellent, and the work of all the performers was in happy contrast with some of the Shakespeare companies that have visited us this season.

It is not always an advantage to be the son of a great man. So much is expected of one that even with superior ability the comparisons between the sire and the son are apt to make it extremely difficult for the latter to achieve eminence. Those seeing E. H. Sothern in his new comedy, Lord Chumley, and remembering the Lord Dundreary of his father, cannot but feel that the son has great career before him. The comedy written for him by Henry C. DeMille and David Belasco is unusually interesting and well constructed. Of course it is extravagant, but its exaggerations are conceivable within the range of possibility and everything is artistic. Sothern has a highly wrought, intense disposition, and in his voice while he so slowly drawls his words there is the vibration of a deep feeling beneath the surface which holds the heart of his auditor even while he laughs at the droll oddities of the luckless young lord who is not nearly so great a fool as he looks. The plot of the play consists of little that is new, but it is so cleverly woven with strong situations and extravagant wit that it really becomes almost thrilling in its climaxes. Lord Chumley is in love with Eleanor the daughter of a retired tradesman named Butterworth. Eleanor does not take to him at once, and Gaspar LeSage, a Frenchman who has been leading young Butterworth—Eleanor's brother—to ruin, endeavors to win her for his wife. By one of the conventional means of getting Lieut. Butterworth's reputation into his hands LeSage persuades Eleanor to marry him, and Lord Chumley goes forth in disgrace after a remarkably clever little drunken scene, which he originates to distract attention from his friend Lieut. Butterworth's trouble. In order to raise money to pay his friend's debt, Chumley lives in a garret and endures remarkable privation and many troubles the chief of which is Meg, the Angel of the Attic, "who does annoy me sow!" At last the troops come home from Egypt and Lieut. Butterworth explains everything almost at the same moment that Lord Chumley pays the young soldier's debt and frees him from possible disgrace. When Eleanor discovers how much Chumley has suffered, how heroically he stood everything for her sake like a little man, of course she loves him and the villain no longer pursues her, and everybody is happy. Cyril Scott, as Lieut. Hugh Butterworth, is a gallant and graceful young man who plays his part well. Herbert Archer, as Gasper Le Sage the ex-convict and adventurer, is so exactly a Frenchman that one can scarcely believe he is playing a part, except in those points where he appears just a little like a wild beast, but as this is entirely facial and unaccompanied by rant, it is a tribute to the strength of his acting. Mr. Bishop as Adam Butterworth is a natural and forcible old man. Rowland Buckstone's Tommy Tucker is a good natured interpretation of a rough and ready part. George Bachus as Blink, Tully Marshall as Winterbottom, Isabel Campbell as Jessie Dease and Kitty Wilson as Meg make a very even support and their little shortcomings should be passed over. Kate Patterson's Lady Adeline and Bell Archer's Eleanor were exceedingly good, and take it all around this week's attraction at the Grand will be remembered as one of the most pleasant, artistic and well appreciated performances of the season of 1888 89.

I had a chat with Sothern in his dressing-room and found him a nervous, young fellow, intensely devoted to his art, and intensely alive to every passing phase of the mimic life around him. He told me that he had been afraid that his delineation of Lord Chumley might be taken for a caricature of the well-born Englishman, and therefore objectionable to Torontonians. I was sorry to find he had so much fear of our prejudices and so little idea of our appreciation of art.

"Yet it is the sort of a fellow you will run against very often you know," said he.

I assured him that Lord Chumley was the sort of a fellow one could not meet with too often as there is an under current of manliness and good hard sense and steady self-possession in him that one cannot but admire.

The scene is in Colorado. There is a great, grey rock just tipped with snow, and there is a nearer hillside green with mountain pines. The wear and tear of baggage cars and scene shifters has made these canvas pines look erratic and dissipated, but you can still see that they are pines. The railway winds away from the station far up among the hills till it loses itself in the mist. The station is Rawson's Y, and his attractive Borroughs appears at the wicket of the Western Union Telegraph Company office. Miss Borroughs is the telegraph operator, the station master's daughter, and the heroine of the Main Line, by H. C. De Mille and Chas. Barnard, which has been seen at the Toronto Opera House this week. She is not a young lady of education. Indeed, considering her illiteracy and her dialect, it is remarkable that she is able to transmit messages at all. Jim, the brakeman, does not love her for her messages, however. He loves her for herself. But there comes to Rawson's Y an artist, Lawrence Hatton. He is handsome, gifted, fascinating; and what wonder that a simple Colorado maiden like Possie Borroughs, who doesn't know any more about civilization than to wear short dresses and black underclothing, should yield to Mr. Hatton's charms. But the path of true love is roughened—Jim Jordan has a good deal—Jim is wrathy—Hatton discovers that the engaging Possie gambles occasionally, and he turns sadly away—goes away on the roof of a freight car, in fact, along with Jim, who intends to toss him off the first convenient gulch they come to. Jim's plans are spoiled, however, by the breaking of the train and the car starts to run back to the station. Miss Burroughs sees it coming and turns the switch to side track it. As she does this she sees the express coming in the other way. She first turns the switch so as to save her lover and smash the express. Then she turns it so as to smash her lover and save the express, Finally she turns it so as to smash both. The result of it all is that she falls fainting across the track, leaving the leading clog dancer doing a thrilling locomotive-puffing act in the wings on a sheet of sandpaper, and the audience simmering in delightful perplexity. But to be brief. Jim, the fierce brakeman, is fortunately annihilated in this collision; Lawrence Hatton is saved, and two years after comes back to Rawson's Y, and Miss Borroughs says "yes" without any hesitation.

*

To this main plot there are several sidelights. The play is remarkably bright and novel. With appropriate scenery and a good company, it would be very entertaining. In the shape in which it is presented at the Toronto Opera House, it would heighten its effect and add immeasurably to its popularity if the collision were to take place on the stage, sending the entire company to their last, long rest, with the exception of the pretty little lady who plays the heroine. Miss Laura Dinsmore is the only one of the company who can act a little bit.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mary Anderson's favorite game is chess.

Sara Bernhardt begins her season in Paris, playing *Dans un Miroir* (As in a Looking Glass).

Col. Sinn knocked a dude down in a Milwaukee hotel lobby on Thursday for making an insulting comment as his wife, Cora Tanner, entered the door.

Dave Peyser, in advance of Mary Anderson for Henry E. Abbey, alleges that he refused to give the St. Louis critics all the free tickets they demanded, hence their abuse of that great actress.

Earth's Winter-Sleep and Spring-Awaking.

For Saturday Night.

When winter comes earth seeks repose,
And lest she feel the chilling storm,
God covers her with virgin snows,
And tucks them in to keep her warm.

That nothing may her rest disturb,
And hushed be cataract and rill,
God puts within their mouth his curb
Of mighty frost, and holds them still.

Yet all abroad, roused from their calm,
The unchained winds may sweep the sky;
God weaves their notes into a psalm,
And bids them be earth's lullaby.

She sleeps her weariness away,
And when the hours their signal ring,
God marks unerringly the day,
And wakes her with the kiss of spring.

Now snow and ice no more enthrall
The earth, rejoicing to be free;
God pours on them the beams of Sol,
And sends them laughing to the sea.

TORONTO, March 16, 1889. H. R. W.

Disillusioned.

For Saturday Night.

I saw her to-night in her box
And lovely she looked as of yore,
There seemed not a dimple the less,
Not even a wrinkle the more
For the years that had sped; and her hair
Had lost not a glint of its gold;
While the rose on her cheek was as fresh
As when we were lovers of old.

A beautiful woman—and still,
As I smiled her a tacit farewell
From my chair, not a throb of my heart
Confessed the old passionate spell.
For something was lacking—some charm
That I knew there "lang syne"—or maybe
It but seemed then, was but a mirage
Such as only love's travelers see.

Ah, well! she was wise, I've no doubt,
To hearken the counsel they gave.
And, "better the darling of age,"
Says the saw, "than a young wooer's a've."
Yet I cannot help wond'ring if she
Had kept troth with her lover of old,
Would the face that I looked on to-night,
Have seemed so impassively cold.

MAURICE O.

Yesterday.

Yesterday is dead
And lies at rest,
No breathing stirs
The white-robed breast;
The groans and sobbing
Are hushed at last.
Thanks be to Heaven!
Such pains are past.
Seek not to rouse
Its unquiet ghost;
Conjure no phantom
Of what is lost;
Come away softly,
And make no moan,
Leaving thy perished hope
Dead and alone.

ZS DANA UNDERHILL in *Scribner's Magazine*

How She Kept Lent

They lingered at her father's door,
The moon was shining bright,
And to the maiden o'er and o'er
The youth had said "Good night."

But still, reluctant to depart,
Her tiny hand he pressed,
While all the love that filled his heart
His ardent looks confessed.

At length she closer to him crept,
Her eyes upon him bent,
And softly asked, "How have you kept
Thus far, the fast of Lent?"

He smiled, and as a manly arm
Around her waist he threw,
He said, "I've done no neighbor harm—
Pray, tell me, how have you?"

"Oh! better far, I'm sure," she said,
The charming little elf,
"I've loved (she blushed and bent her head)
My neighbor as myself."

"Who is your neighbor?" questioned he
As to his breast he drew
The gentle maid, and blushing she
With one word answered—"You."

Vestis Angelica.

[It was a custom of the early English Church for pious laymen to be carried in the hour of death to some monastery, that they might be clothed in the habit of the religious order and might die amid the prayers of the brotherhood. The garment thus assumed was known as the *Vestis Angelica*.—See Moroni: Dizionario di Erudizione Storico-Ecclesiastica, li. 78; xcvi. 212.]

O gather, gather! Stand
Round her on either hand!
Ye shining angel band
Move pure than priest
A garment white and white
Weave for this passing soul
Whose earthly joy and dole
Have almost ceased.

Weave it of mothers' prayers,
Of sacred thoughts and cares,
Of peace beneath the rod,
Of hallowed pain;
Weave it of vanished tears,
Of childlike hopes and fears,
Of joys, by saintly years
Washed free from stain.

Weave it of happy hours,
Of smiles and summer flowers,
Of passing sunlit showers,
Of acts of love,
Of pathways that did go
Amid life's work and woe;
—Her eyes still fixed below,
Her thoughts above.

Then, as those eyes grow dim,
Chant ye her best-loved hymn
While from you church tower's brim
A soft chime swells.
Her freed soul floats in bliss
To unseen worlds from this,
Nor knows in which it is
She hears the bells.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, in *Scribner's Magazine*

Noted People.

Thos Nast, the famous cartoonist, has been recently engaged by the San Francisco *Examiner*.

"Mrs. Great Britain" is the designation which is persistently used by a London society paper in speaking of Her Majesty the Queen.

Truth says that Sir Julian Pauncefote is a good-natured, vain, pompous bit of average mediocrity, and is hardly up to the mark of British Minister at Washington.

King Alexander I., the boy sovereign of Servia, is less of a child than his 13 years bespeak. He already speaks French, German and Russian, and shows great capacity for study.

Mrs. Margaret E Sangster has accepted the position of editor of Harper's *Bazaar*. Mrs. Sangster has for years been associated with Harper's publications. She is a well known writer of verse and prose.

A heroic effigy of P. T. Barnum, cast in bronze, is now stored in a fire-proof warehouse in New York. When Mr. Barnum dies his partners will present the statue to his family. It weighs 5 000 pounds and cost $20,000.

Secretary Rusk, who presides over the Department of Agriculture at Washington, was a tow path companion of Garfield when the latter was a boy, and has been a stage driver, Sheriff, legislator, soldier, Congressman and Governor of Wisconsin.

The following very funny anecdote is told of Lord Rosebery. A very tedious nobleman was once addressing his brother peers in "the better place above," and exclaimed, "And now, my lords, I paused to ask myself a question." "He got a damned stupid answer, I'll be bound," murmured the irreverent young Primrose.

The late Mr. Halliwell Phillips, who died the other day, and whose bibliographical labors are highly esteemed, ran away with the daughter of Sir Thomas Phillips of Middlehill, into whose house he had been admitted to consult the famous collection of books and manuscripts—which made the late Lord Houghton remark, "That fellow Halliwell has been spelling MSS. with an I in it."

When the Duke of Portland was a boy he was thirteen lives away from the title and without hope. Now, only 32 years old, he has an income of nearly a million dollars a year, and is noted for his luck. Miss Dallas Yorke, his fiancee, is over six feet tall, has broad shoulders, a small waist, a clear skin and a lovely smile. Portland is quoted as saying that he has loved her long.

In a recent conversation on forms and social usages, Mrs. Harrison is quoted as saying: "I never read a book on etiquette in my life, for I believe the occasion will always suggest the kind of thing to do, which after all is the highest motive of life under all circumstances." In the minutiæ that followed she thought that native refinement would be a better guide than the standard hand-book in eating fruit or game, and she had a poor opinion of the man or woman who had to take his meals like the girl in Ruddigore—from a book on politeness.

One of the handsomest dresses and most striking figures at the Queen's Drawing-Room was that of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava; the fabric was black velvet and lace, but it was manipulated in such charming puffings of the lace, and unexpected glimpses of white satin underneath the velvet, that the *coup d'œil* differed amazingly from the glut of black and white tones all around; the train, moreover, was a truly magnificent piece of brocade, white design upon a black ground, with an enchanting piece of black lace bordering the edge. Diamond ornaments, and a bouquet of choice orchids, completed this really elegant Court mourning.

The portrait of Worth, the great Parisian dressmaker, which we have the pleasure of giving on this page, must prove of quite unique interest to many of your readers. It is scarcely too much to say that to be dressed by Worth is one of the luxuries desired by most women of taste and unlimited means, and it is superfluous to dwell upon the beauty and poetry, if one may say so, of his "creations." Perhaps the most curious fact about the great artist in dress is that, while Paris rules the world in the matter of fashion, the man who rules Paris—M. Worth—was a Lincolnshire lad; so that, after all, it is an Englishman who is the real arbiter of the world's fashions.

The extraordinary vigor of Mr. Gladstone appears to have given color to the notion that Englishmen retain their vigor longer than Americans, and the statement made in one of the religious bodies that a minister's work was finished at forty years has brought out Dr. Cuyler with a vigorous protest. He points out that Newman Hall is seventy-two, Dr. Storrs sixty-eight, Dr. John Hall sixty, and Mr. Talmadge fifty-six. These is no doubt that the best pulpit work is done here by men who have passed their fiftieth year. But this rule does not hold good in journalism or literature, the best work in these active fields being done by men and women under forty. There are half a score of journalists in New York who are known to be written out, though they keep the harness on.

Lord Randolph Churchill, judging by the cleverness with which he has retrieved his own shattered finances, ought to make a splendid chancellor of the exchequer to some bankrupt government. In the first place, he has acted as social sponsor to the dreadfully vulgar Colonel North, better known as the "Nitrate King," and has even gone so far as to invite the Prince of Wales to meet him at dinner. In return for these services the colonel put Lord Randolph into some snug little schemes in the city, and enabled him to realize quite a handsome fortune on the sly. Then the noble lord decided to give up horse-racing, and sold the whole of his stable at a hugh price to the colonel. The latter, who understands as little about horse-racing as about good manners and breeding, and who, moreover, has been obliged to absent himself from England for a short time in order to look after his property in South America, has now requested Lord Randolph to manage his racing-stable for him. So Lord Randolph has got hold of all his own horses again, is able to indulge in racing to his heart's content, and has the satisfaction of knowing that it is the colonel and not he who pays the piper.

An American writer thus sums up Mrs. Atherton's latest book: "Gertrude Franklin Atherton has succeeded in creating an unenviable stir by a deliberate attempt to write a novel that exceeds in pruriency anything that has been done by her immediate group of literary sensation mongers. This group consists at present of five or six women who are all trying to outdo each other in literary nastiness. Gertrude Franklin Atherton has succeeded in planting upon her pages a wanton whose exploits are uninteresting and tediously nauseating. She has done this with a bravado which should be criticised with a shingle and not with the mild wafture of a pen. Her book is called Hermia Suydam, and it is Suydam bad that even the men at the clubs read it under their coats and then blush at their own acts. Had there been in it one gleam of the fervor that the unbridled Rives put into her book I might have condoned it. Had there been in it one lisp of the female weakness that Laura Dalntrey betrayed, or one blush of modesty, or one evidence of the reserve of a lady, I might have tolerated it. Had there been in it any of the verbal felicity of an Edgar Saltus or the untamed fancy of an Eli Perkins, I could have forgiven it. Had there been in it any of the color of a circus poster or any of the hilarity of a pothouse joke, I could have smiled at it, but it is such a pretentious piece of emptiness and purposelessness that I will have none of it."

To Julia Marlowe.

[Half a dozen effusions have been received during the past week on this subject, and nearly all bear that classical stamp which marks the literary outpourings of the festive student. As a large detachment of these guileless youths invaded the theater on Friday evening and came out sighing not only like furnaces, but so loud as to be heard four blocks away this deluge of eulogistic poetry is not to be wondered at. We publish one of the best.]

A very susceptible youth,
Oh, adorable Julia, am I,
And you've taught me, to tell you the truth,
To dream of your sweetness and sigh,
And with soulfulness simply sublime
To express my o'erflowing affection in rhyme.

Orlando with rythmical gush
Bepraised you as his Rosalind
And Touchstone with metrical slush
Your sare very foolishly dissed,
But I, when you're not on the stage,
Would fain your un-actress attention engage.

Too lowly I own is my lot
For the heaven to which I'd aspire,
But I swear that I'd be a Melnotte
And glory and lucre acquire,
If you'd grant me this favor I ask—
In the light of your smile for one moment to bask.

And oh, the ineffable bliss,
(Stay, stay, my fond spirit! oh stay!)
Of ever your stageyist kiss,
Would change my terrestrial clay
To something, if not quite divine,
Which at least would be in the ethereal line.

Yes, Julia, you've managed to mash
Beyond every hope of amend
A youth who has never before more cash
Than he well could afford to expend,
In seeing you shine in each role
You enacted while here, till you fettered his soul.

But the money I soon will re-earn
And you I perchance will re-see
For I've vowed if you ever return
The door-keeper I will re-fee
And myself in position replace
To be re-enthralled by your beauty and grace.

'Varsity Chat.

The great elections are over and under the guidance of the committee of the Federal party, henceforth the committee of the society, we enter upon another year. Let us wish ourselves success. A good committee does not make a good society. That can only be the outcome of regular attendance and eager participation on the part of members at ordinary meetings. The society may be measured as far as its usefulness is concerned by its average meeting, leaving elections out of the question for the present. The past year has been on the whole successful, at least as compared with two years preceding. We have heard much criticism of late about the condition of the society, most of it more or less random, some of it discriminating and helpful. From it all we have had forced on our attention the fact that matters are not in as satisfactory a condition as they might be. The remedy is obvious, and it only remains for men of both parties who have been emphatic in their expressions of anxiety for the welfare of our society to attend the meetings next year, to give the proceedings their ablest attention and thereby put the seal of practical sincerity upon their periodical professions.

During the year the club scheme has taken definite shape and is now in a fair way to consummation. Mr. Creelman has done good work in this connection. He is thought to have regarded too much his own opinions in deciding debates and to have not been altogether free from other faults, but all must admit that he has been a graceful chairman and faithful in the discharge of his duties. Announcements which he was sometimes able to make of having been but an hour or so earlier in Hamilton or some other place equally distant, convinced us that Mr. Creelman allowed no slight circumstance to prevent his attendance.

The conversat. was at least a financial success. For this much is due to the retiring and untiring treasurer, Mr. R. E. Heggie.

Mr. Cody, to say the last word about him until after exams. has been a most successful vice-president. His merits have been of the positive kind. He has been thoughtful in decisions, wise in counsel, displaying the tact necessary for the competent chairman.

Mr. Brydone is the third of three able chairmen which the society has been fortunate enough to have in one year.

Mr. Hugh B. Fraser, the outgoing Curator, will be remembered as having on several memorable occasions honestly defended himself against the attacks of certain gentlemen who apparently spent their time among the files in the reading room looking for grievances. There is only one Hughie, nor do we expect to see another in our day.

Other officers might be mentioned, Mr. Fenton, recording secretary, Mr. Howard Ferguson, secretary of committees; and finally it would be unfair to forget those who have worked so well in silence and without prominence.

The past year has failed in one important respect, viz., that of attendance of meds at ordinary meetings. It was hoped that representation on the committee would have induced them to come out, but not so. Next year may work a change. The presence in the chair of a gentleman so well and favorably known to the meds as Dr. Harley Smith ought to have great influence. We need them with their *esprit de corps* and enthusiasm, and we flatter ourselves they need us with our college life and our special set of ideas.

NEMO.

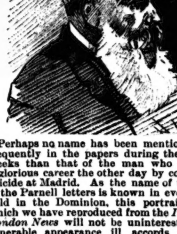
Art and Artists.

One of the most interesting things in modern journalism has been the development of illustration. Almost the youngest of newspaper readers can remember when such a thing as a picture in a daily paper was unknown. Now there are few papers that do not use illustrations more or less. It has been the custom to ridicule newspaper pictures and to bewail anyone's fortune whose likeness appeared in that form, and for several years the ridicule was deserved. But it is not the case now. The great demand for newspaper illustration has attracted so many capable men and women into that line of work and the processes of doing excellent and rapid work have been so multiplied and perfected, that it is surprising the quality of illustration that is now turned out. Some of it compares very favorably with that of the fine magazines in delicacy of finish and perfection of detail. The art of newspaper illustration has become a great department of labor which gives profitable employment to thousands of men and women and adds largely to the enjoyment of the newspaper reader.

An American paper tells us that the inhabitants of the Boston Art Museum are greatly agitated over the report that Anthony Comstock is about to visit that institution. All of the divinities have ordered blanket bathrobes, except Venus and Hermes. The former will appear in a Directoire costume of sea-green silk, and the latter, who is very much hurt by the treatment he received at the German Hospital fair at the American Institute Hall in New York, will wear the uniform of a District Messenger boy.

The promoters of the proposed artists' rifle corps, which was mentioned in this column several weeks ago, held a meeting at the Rossin House, on Tuesday evening. Mr. J. W. L. Forster occupied the chair, and Mr. Hostetter acted as secretary. A committee composed of the following gentlemen was appointed to promote the scheme and attend to definite organization: Messrs. Hamilton McCarthy, J. W. L. Forster, Geo. Dickson of Upper Canada College, J. Enoch Thompson, Jas. P. Murray, Prof. Baker of Trinity College, W. Lloyd Wood, Arthur Hanlson, E. B. Hostetter, W. A. Sherwood and Dr. W. H. B. Aikens.

Richard Pigott.



Perhaps no name has been mentioned more frequently in the papers during the past few weeks than that of the man who ended an inglorious career the other day by committing suicide at Madrid. As the name of the forger of the Parnell letters is known in every household in the Dominion, this portrait of him which we have reproduced from the *Illustrated London News* will not be uninteresting. His venerable appearance ill accords with the events which gave him such unenviable notoriety. When Talbot the informer was shot, Richard Pigott wrote: "The odious character of the murdered man, and his unparalleled duplicity caused many moderate politicians to look upon his fate as an example of political justice which was not out of harmony with the fitness of things." The same verdict will probably be passed upon the wretched man who is now, to use one of his phrases, "face to face with a Judge more merciful and forgiving than he found on earth."

Mark Twain's Ghost Story.

A few years ago the Band of Workers, or some other society connected with Mr. Twichell's church, gave an entertainment, and Mark was requested to tell a story. He consented and a large audience was the result. When he mounted the platform he insisted that the gas be turned down low, and the consequence was that one could hardly see one's hand before one's face. Up on the stage stood Mr. Clemens, with a strong light from a reflector shining full in his face, while all the rest was darkness. He presented a weird spectacle, with his hair standing up all over his head. In a deep, sepulchral voice he began, and said that he would tell the tale of The Golden Arm.

This tale tells how a young girl had an artificial arm made of gold; she died and was buried, and her father finally thought he would exhume her body and take the arm, that he might sell it. Accordingly one dark, stormy night, he set out on his mission. All this while Mark's voice kept growing deeper, and more sepulchral.) The father dug up the body, obtained possession of the coveted arm, and started back home. The wind was howling, the road was dark and gloomy, and the guilty parent nervous and very much frightened. Suddenly, above the mournful cry of the soughing wind came a low, dismal wail, saying, "Where's my golden arm? Where's my golden arm?" and glancing over his shoulder the terrified father saw the ghost of his daughter, her good arm gesticulating wildly, pursuing him. He ran on home, and all the while came the wail of the child, crying, "Where's my golden arm?" Up stairs he went, this cry still ringing in his ears. He undressed and timidly crept into bed. Out on the stairs, nearer, ever nearer, he heard the wail, and in terror listened to the patter of advancing footsteps. Suddenly the door was opened and the ghostly figure of his daughter advanced, crying, "Where's my golden arm?" The father, frightened almost to insensibility, covered up his head in the blankets, and the spook placed her hand on the coverlets and cried, "Where's my golden arm?"

Just at this moment Mark gave a jump, spread out his arms wildly, and in a voice that could have been heard in Massachusetts shrieked, "In hook, by jingo!"

The effect of this was electrical. From out the darkness of the audience room there came a series of yells and groans, and exclamations of fright. Several timid women began to cry hysterically, and two, I think, fainted away. The room was in confusion, and when the gas was turned up the worst lot of frightened people in the United States were revealed. I believe, at a meeting of the Band of Workers, held a short time afterward, it was unanimously voted not to ask Mark Twain to tell any more stories.

Returned with His Punch.

They were telling experiences the other night and Col. Grannis told one of his. He made the trip through the southern country here just after the road had been opened. The festive cowboy had just begun to enjoy the sport of running the train in the rough region, and at one of the stations a formidable specimen of that tough human boarded the cars. The conductor came along punching the tickets, and this cowboy did not pay any attention to him. At last the conductor laid his hand on the cowboy's shoulder and said "Ticket please." The cowboy turned in true cowboy style, pulled out his revolver, and pointed it at the conductor.

"Here's my ticket."

The conductor walked on and punched everybody else's coupon. Then he disappeared. The little incident had been forgotten by almost everybody on the car. The cowboy was in a quiescent state and the car was quite still when the conductor came in. He walked leisurely up the aisle and suddenly stopped before the cowboy, placed a great big knife dangerously contiguous to his vital part, and said quietly:

"Lemme see that ticket again."

The cowboy paid his fare.

Metamorphosed.

She used to warble doleful songs
In high and shrill soprano;
She did full many grievous wrongs
Unto her poor piano.

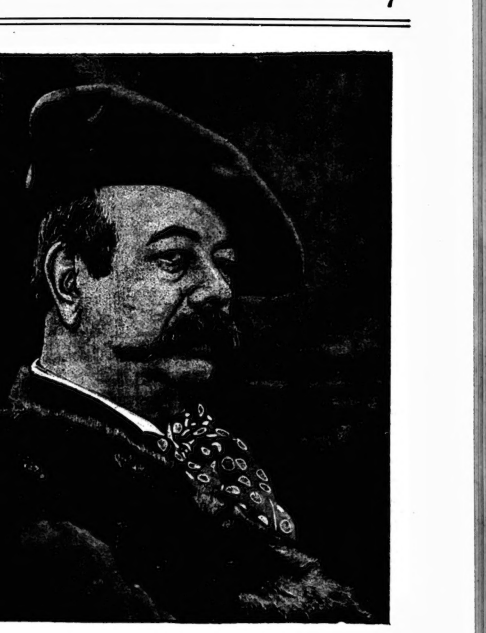
Whene'er a tune she heard, forthwith
She seized and then arranged it.
Her name of yore was Lucy Smith,
But recently she's changed it.

She traveled to artistic Rome
To study with Fissiki,
And now I see she's coming home
As Lucia Smithini.

A Wise Mother.

The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made a jest at religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them up in the fear of the Lord. On being asked how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own, she answered:

"Because to the authority of a father, I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years, my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This Holy Book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question—did they commit any fault—did they perform any good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you."



M. Worth, The Parisian Dressmaker.

Fine in the Business.

"Never let a customer go away without making a purchase," said Mr. Threads to a newly engaged clerk. "Talk the goods up in a clever, forcible way, and you'll be certain to make a sale every time."

"All right," replied W. Fearless Gall, the new clerk, who had been an auctioneer for a year out West; "I think I know just what you mean, sir, and you can rely upon me. I know the tricks of the trade." Ten minutes later he was going on in this fashion to Mrs. Marshalle-Neale, one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic patrons of the house:

"Damask towels, is it, Madam? Well, I should smile! If you can't get damask towels here, there's no place in this city where you can get 'em. Look at that towel, my friend! Doesn't it fairly warm your heart to look at it, eh? And just glance at this pair, marked down from four dollars to a dollar and ten cents! Doesn't it fairly make you feel young again to gaze on a bargain like that? And supposing you just concentrate your intellectual capacity on this towel for a second! A-ha! makes you fairly hold your breath to gaze on it, doesn't it? Did you ever see anything more perfectly irresistible since you was born into this world of sin and sorrow? Of course, you never did! Oh, it's a cold day when this firm gets left on damask towels! Look at this one—look at it, woman: it won't bite you; now tell me, tell me if you ever bought a towel like that for less than two dollars? Of course you didn't! You've paid that for dish towels, and thanked heaven for the privilege of doing so, haven't you? Course you have, sweet friend of my childhood days!"

Mr. Threads happened along just in time to have his blood curdled by this last remark, and also in time to assist the gasping and livid Mrs. Marshalle-Neale to her carriage, where she bade him adieu forever; and two minutes later he was going through the same ceremony with Mr. W. Fearless Gall.

Freaks of Fashion.

A correspondent of the Voz de Mexico illustrates the omnipotence of fashion by the fact that the society belles of Vera Cruz have been seized by a mania for sealskin sacques, which they persist in wearing in a latitude where the Christmas temperature sometimes exceeds 100 degrees in the shade. It is not impossible, though, that the Washington weather bureau had predicted a more than usually hot winter, and that the prudent natives prepared for a snow storm.

Worried About Frankie.

Mrs. De Fashon (New York)—Horrors. What do you think I've heard!

Mrs. Society—Oh, don't keep us in suspense.

"Oh, it's too awful to tell. Mrs. Cleveland is going to live in New York, and some of these horrid men want her admitted into society."

"Mercy on us! Why the woman hasn't a tenement-house to her name."

Suspended Animation.

Miss Wenninger—I'm sure it's a dummy.

Miss Hindekaper—If it is, it's an awfully life-like one.

Mr. De Tongey—Ker-whish-ew! I beg pardon, ladies, but I was just getting ready to sneeze as you came along.—*Judge.*

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

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CHAPTER VI.

Lady Oldcastle had a visitor. She had fully intended to take her drive alone, and had roused herself in a moment from her moody contemplation of Adela's retreating figure and given her orders as to the carriage going round afterwards to her room to dress. But the process was not half completed when a servant knocked at her dressing-room door. A gentleman wished to see her ladyship.

Lady Oldcastle, sitting under her maid's hands before the glass, looked around at the door, a frown of vexation contracting her forehead.

"Who is the gentleman?"

"I don't know, my lady," answered the woman. "The butler gave me the message to bring up to your ladyship. I don't think the gentleman mentioned his name."

"Desire Kenrick to get his name, and to ascertain if his business is important. I can spare, at most, only a few moments; I am about to go out. Perhaps he may prefer to call at some other time."

The maid obediently departed with her lady's message. In a moment or two she was back again. The gentleman's business was important, he had told Kenrick, and he did not prefer to call again. He had travelled from London for the express purpose of seeing her ladyship, and would feel greatly honored and obliged if she would be good enough to spare him a few moments of her time. The gentleman begged to be excused for his previous omission, and now sent his card.

Lady Oldcastle, turning slightly from the glass, held out her hand for the card. She read, half aloud, and in a surprised tone—

"Gabriel Dwight."

Lady Oldcastle had not the faintest recollection of having heard the name before. After some hesitation, she decided it would perhaps be better to see Gabriel Dwight. Whoever he was and whatever his business, he would probably not detain her long. She completed her toilet quickly, and went down in her bonnet and mantle, looking what she was, as handsome and graceful a woman of her age as could be found in England—a haughty self-reliant woman too.

The old butler was standing at the foot of the staircase; his mistress signed him to approach her.

"Where have you shown this gentleman, Kenrick?"

"Into the library, my lady."

"Did he ask for me or Sir Guy when he first came?"

"For you, my lady. Sir Guy passed out of the side-door, going towards the park while I was speaking to him, and he asked me who he was."

"And then?"

"I told him, my lady, of course. He smiled, and said, 'Ah, that's the elder son, is it?'—but to himself, not to me."

"He did not"—Lady Oldcastle hesitated a moment, toying with Gabriel Dwight's card, which she had brought down in her hand—"he did not mention Mr. Marmaduke, Kenrick?"

"Oh, no, my lady!"

It was a relief to the proud woman, although no sign of it appeared upon her impassive handsome face. Several times there had thus appeared at Oldcastle Towers an unknown man who had mentioned Marmaduke Oldcastle, and in terms not too flattering. Debt had been the reason of all such appearances, and only money had dismissed and soothed the intruders. Lady Oldcastle had learned this, and, recollecting her own almost exhausted resources and her elder son's sternly-expressed resolution, had turned faint with apprehension.

"I will see him," she said, and turned towards the door of the library, then stopped and looked back.

"Did you say Sir Guy was in the park, Kenrick?"

"I believe so, my lady. He turned in that direction, going towards the lake."

The frown which contracted Lady Oldcastle's forehead was darkening her face still when she entered the library, eying with her haughtiest and statelest air her visitor, who greeted her with a deferential bow. He was a handsome man of middle age, well dressed, well built, well mannered, neither dark nor fair, and certainly a man whose face she knew no more than she knew the name upon the card in her hand.

"I must ask you to pardon me for this intrusion, Lady Oldcastle," he said, and placed a chair for her in a way which she told herself was officious. "I fear—I very much fear that I have been unfortunate enough to trouble you at an inconvenient time."

There was a certain glibness here, a coolness and assurance which did not please Lady Oldcastle, although the voice was pleasant and the manner not other than well bred. She remained standing, in spite of the officiously proffered chair, and made no sign for her visitor to seat himself.

"Your business need probably detain me but a few minutes, Mr. Dwight. I can of course have no idea as to its nature, beyond your name—letting her eyes rest for a moment upon the card—"is, as I presume I need hardly say, totally unknown to me."

"Indeed!"—with an astonished look. "I had hoped, Lady Oldcastle—I had sincerely hoped that you would have done me the honor to remember me, both for my father's and the pleasure of retaining so clear a memory of my former knowledge of you, and because I am afraid that I shall find it difficult to approach the subject which brought me here if I am forced to do so in the character of a stranger."

Here again the man's glibness and coolness irritated Lady Oldcastle. He was too fluent; his speeches sounded as if they had been carefully rehearsed beforehand. She echoed, with an incredulous note in her imperious voice—

"Your former knowledge of me? You must be laboring under a mistake."

"Indeed no, Lady Oldcastle. I have only, I am sure, to recall the time when I had the happiness of being known to you for you to allow that I have a right to the claim I make. The failure of your memory to recall either the face or the name of so insignificant a person as myself is of course only natural—it was many years ago."

"Indeed!"

The icy bright blue eyes looked him full in the face as the word dropped from her lips. With no change in his own expression, he looked back at her steadily.

"Many years ago," he repeated—"thirty years ago—both before your marriage, Lady Oldcastle, and—some time after it."

The card which she had been holding in her gloved fingers slipped from between them and fell to the floor.

"I should perhaps have done better," he pursued quietly, "if I had ventured to recall myself to you by mentioning the person through whose means I had the honor of first becoming known to you—a very dear friend of mine, Lady Oldcastle, and, if I am not mistaken, once a very dear friend of yours—I am afraid the heat is too much for you. Let me beg you to sit down."

She had turned suddenly pale to her very lips as she looked at him fixedly, and a strong convulsive shudder shook her whole frame. She sank mechanically into the chair he pressed upon her, striving to conceal from him the fact that she did so because her trembling limbs refused to support her.

"I really fear, Lady Oldcastle," Gabriel Dwight went on solicitously, "that you are ill. Will you permit me to ring?"

"No—it is nothing—it is past. She sat before him, handsome and perfectly composed again. "Pray state your business as quickly as possible, Mr. Dwight—I can spare you but little time; you see that I am about to go out, and my horses are waiting. Pray continue. You were about to say—" She paused interrogatively.

"I was about to mention," he supplemented quietly, "the name of the common friend through whom I had the pleasure of becoming known to you thirty years ago. Shall I mention it?"

"I am waiting for you to do so."

"The name was Martin Langton, Lady Oldcastle."

There was a pause.

"You know the name, your ladyship?"—"I have heard it."

"And doubtless you recollect the man?"—"Yes: I recollect him."

"I am glad, I think, in saying that he was a very dear friend of yours?"

"Of my brother's more than of mine. I saw him but seldom—never, if my memory serves me, after my marriage."

"Shall I be presuming too far upon your indulgence, Lady Oldcastle—always remembering my own friendship—if I ask you if it is a fact that Martin Langton, when he left England shortly before your marriage, having first thrown up his commission and quarrelled with his relatives, was very embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs?"

"Surely such questions are unnecessary from you to me, sir!" she expostulated, knitting her brows. "You yourself—always remembering your own friendship—should surely have more knowledge of the matter than I."

"Pray pardon me, Lady Oldcastle"—smiling blandly—"if I venture to press the question. To your knowledge, was Martin Langton embarrassed when he left England?"

"I believe he was."

"Heavily?"—"I believe very heavily."

"Do you even perhaps totally ruined?"—"Possibly."

"His hopeless difficulties were perhaps the reason of his quitting England?"

"They may have been."

"No doubt they influenced him. But I have heard, Lady Oldcastle, another reason, of an altogether different nature, also assigned for it."

"Really!" Lady Oldcastle languidly took out her watch and glanced at it. "I must ask you, Mr. Dwight, to come without delay to the cause of your presence here. As I believe I told you, I can spare you but a very few minutes more I have an engagement."

So far the visitor, in the absence of any hint of invitation, had not sat down. He did so now, quite composedly, over against her chair.

"I at least, Lady Oldcastle, will not be responsible for detaining you many moments longer. Permit me to ask you—you do me the honor of remembering me now?"

She looked at him unflinchingly.

"I do not, sir: I recall neither your face nor your name."

"Indeed! If your ladyship were to see Martin Langton, you would find it, I venture to presume, possible to recognize him."

"Quite impossible. Martin Langton, to my certain knowledge, has been dead many years."

"Pardon me, Lady Oldcastle—quite inaccurate. Such a rumor was circulated, I am aware, shortly after he left England, and it even obtained some degree of credence; but it was I am happy to say, and you will be equally happy to hear, entirely without foundation. Martin Langton—"

Lady Oldcastle sprang suddenly erect.

"Is alive?" she gasped.

"I come from him," Gabriel Dwight answered quietly.

He said no more. The handsome stately woman who but a moment before had been looking at him hardily, haughtily, lay stretched senseless at his feet.

The man turned hurriedly and involuntarily towards the bell, paused with his hand upon it, coolly moved back to the side of the insensible woman, and looked down at the rigid upturned face.

"That was well managed," he said aloud, calmly congratulating himself—"yes, that was very well managed. I am glad she lost her self-control at the point when she did—it gave me a valuable hint at a critical moment. I should have blundered but for that—yes, I should undoubtedly have blundered—I should have told her the truth. A pity she fainted—it will cause a good deal of trouble and loss of time by waiting however. Now for some help here."

He hurried to the bell, ringing it loudly; and in a moment its peal was answered by the entrance of a footman. His loud exclamation of dismay at the sight of his insensible mistress brought in the old butler. To him the stranger turned abruptly.

"I am the bearer of some unexpected news to Lady Oldcastle," he said. "I am beyond measure grieved to say that it has shocked and distressed her, as you see. Pray send for her maid or the housekeeper—some responsible person to take the care of her."

The young footman disappeared at once; the butler hesitated and lingered.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he faltered, "but I never knew my lady faint before. I hope, sir—if you will have the goodness to tell me—that the news you have brought is no ill tiding of Mr. Duke?"

A smile very broad and very sudden showed itself upon the lips of Gabriel Dwight.

"No," he returned promptly; "I am happy, my good friend, to set that anxiety at rest; it is no ill news of Mr. Marmaduke Oldcastle."

The old man, with a word of thanks, moved away as Mrs. Uglow and Lady Oldcastle's own maid came hurrying in.

One glance, swift, penetrating, keen, the housekeeper cast at the face of the stranger, from which the moment before all further interest in him, bent over her senseless mistress. Lady Oldcastle was lifted upon a couch, and restoratives were applied; but they made no impression upon the rigid body and stonily-set face. The maid was presently despatched for some stronger remedy; and then the housekeeper raising her black eyes, looked for the second time at Gabriel Dwight—to find him looking at her. He spoke at once, gently and sympathetically.

"I regret most deeply having been the means of so shocking Lady Oldcastle," he said. "I reproach myself that I was not more cautious—more prudent. I fear that I over-estimated the strength of her ladyship's nerves; I did not for a moment imagine that my news would have had so terrible an effect."

"I hope, sir," Mrs. Uglow murmured deferentially, with her eyes downcast, "that the news which has shocked her ladyship is not very bad?"

"I fear Lady Oldcastle found it so; it relates to one of her old friends."

"Indeed, sir?"

"To one of her very old friends." Mr. Dwight's face brightened suddenly and ingenuously. "The name may perhaps be known to you—the name of Martin Langton?"

They looked steadily at eachother. Mrs. Uglow, with a perplexed and doubtful expression, slowly shook her head.

"I may have heard the name, sir. I have not a very good memory, I am sorry to say; I don't recall it."

"I thought it possible, as an old servant of the family, that you might." Mr. Dwight had been hovering irresolutely about the writing-table, as if hesitating whether to sit down or not. "I should like," he said, "to leave a word or two for her ladyship, as our conversation was broken off by her most unfortunate fainting fit. I had better write—or—stay—perhaps you would be kind enough to take charge of a simple message?"

"With pleasure, sir."

"Many thanks! Be kind enough then to say to Lady Oldcastle that I will do myself the honor of calling here again to conclude our conversation as soon as I find it possible. I will not venture to fix a day, as my time is fully occupied and I reside in London; but pray impress upon her ladyship that she may certainly rely upon seeing me again shortly. Once more, many thanks! I sincerely hope that Lady Oldcastle will experience no ill effects from the distressing attack of which I am the most unfortunate cause."

Mr. Dwight, with a bow to the housekeeper as deferentially courteous as he might have made to her mistress, left the room with this polite wish just as the frightened maid came hurrying into it.

Despite the restoratives and the skill and assiduity with which they were applied, it was a long time—more than half an hour—before Lady Oldcastle showed any signs of returning consciousness. When at length her eyes did open, it was only for a moment; she gave a rapid glance round the room, then closed them with a moan. Mrs. Uglow, attentively solicitous on her knees by the couch, drew closer at once.

"The gentleman has gone, your ladyship. He left a message with me which he especially desired me to give to you. It is a pleasant one.

"Will your ladyship hear it now?"

"No—not yet."

Mrs. Uglow, obeying the tone and gesture, both imperious as they were uncertain and weak, was silent instantly, and employed herself in her former task of bathing her mistress' frozen and stiff temples. In a few moments Lady Oldcastle, with a resolute effort, sat up on the couch.

"I will go to my room, Uglow; I must lie down. Be kind enough to give me your arm."

The housekeeper obeyed, and supported her mistress from the room. Across the hall, up the staircase, and along the gallery Lady Oldcastle went, slowly but unfaltering. Once in her own rooms, her limbs relaxed; she sank into a great chair standing in the window and closed her eyes. The housekeeper stood by her, and looked at her attentively.

"I fear, my lady," said Mrs. Uglow gently, "that you have been very much shocked."

"I have been very much startled, certainly," said her mistress coldly.

"You must have been, my lady, I am sure. I never knew your ladyship to faint before."

"The heat had something to do with it, doubtless; I have felt it more oppressive all day. Did I understand you to say just now that Mr. Dwight had intrusted you with a message for me?" Lady Oldcastle was speaking with her eyes closed still.

"Yes, your ladyship."—"Repeat it, if you please."

Word for word the housekeeper did so. Beyond a slight quiver of the pale firm lips of the handsome face before her, she saw no tangible sign of emotion.

"That was all?" Lady Oldcastle asked quietly.

"All, your ladyship, beyond his very great sorrow at having been the cause of your swoon."

"He said nothing more?"

"Nothing, my lady, beyond saying that I might perhaps know the name of the old friend of whom he had come to tell you—Mr. Martin Langton."

Lady Oldcastle's drooping lids were raised in a flash; the two women looked fixedly, searchingly at each other.

"Do you know it?" asked Lady Oldcastle slowly.

"Yes, my lady," Mrs. Uglow murmured in her softest tone, dropping and lowering her eyes; "I remember Mr. Martin Langton perfectly well."

This was how it came about that Sir Guy, turning back to the house again after he had gone some little way into the park, that he might put into the post-bag a letter which he had written and forgotten, saw the carriage being driven back to the stables, and knew that his mother had not taken her proposed drive.

CHAPTER VII.

Extracted from Lady Adela Nugent's Journal, June 15th, 188-.

"The most uncomfortable evening that I have passed since coming to Oldcastle Towers! Still, I knew what was going to happen next, and I wish still more that I understood what it is that has just happened last. Poor mamma, when she gets unnaturally quiet and fanciful, always says mysteriously that she can feel 'something'—what is not specified—'in the air!' I am not fidgety or fanciful either, I hope, but I can feel 'something in the air' too.

"It all began when I came in from the park, where I had been helping that little vixen Angel to water-lilies, every one of which I have no doubt is torn to pieces by this time. I was not expecting a particularly pleasant evening, because I knew I had vexed Lady Oldcastle—who can be, when she is displeased, more politely awful than any woman I ever saw—by declining to go for a drive with her, and that she herself had stayed at home in consequence. By-the-way, she has been for the last week quite oppressively attentive to me. It is flattering, but I wish she wouldn't, I have not been for one of those splendid long walks or a sail for more than a week, and it is quite as long since I had even a peep into Sir Guy's workshop. Lady Oldcastle is always so politely in the way with a suggestion that I should go somewhere or do something else.

"Well, as I wrote down just now, it all began when I came back from the park with Angel and her water-lilies. I ran straight up to my room, of course, for we had stayed talking so long—Sir Guy and myself, I mean—that it was later than I thought, and I was afraid I would not be in time for dinner. I was hurrying to get dressed, and Pinkum was helping me, when I heard a tap at the door—a gentle tap—which I knew in a moment was the housekeeper's. Mrs. Uglow always moves and looks and speaks as if some one were either just dead or just going to die. She came in when Pinkum opened the door, and stood looking down at the carpet. It is another of her peculiarities that she never looks you in the face for more than an instant, but studies the floor as if she were talking to that. I asked her of course what she wanted.

"She startled me by replying that dinner would be half an hour later than usual. Lady Oldcastle, she was sorry to say, was ill; she had fainted, and had been a long time recovering. I stopped Mrs. Uglow as she was shuffling the door—the provoking woman was absolutely going off without saying anything else—and asked her what had caused the illness. Had anything been shocked or frightened her?

"'I fear her ladyship has received a slight shock, my lady,' Mrs. Uglow returned, of course looking at the carpet. Instead of at me, 'some bad news, I believe, about an old friend.'

"Naturally I hardly thought that Lady Oldcastle would appear at dinner. I was sorry she was ill of course; but I'm afraid I rather hoped she would not. Only Sir Guy and Angel were in the drawing-room when I went down. The child has a trick of creeping in whenever she can get away from Miss Stone. She knows evidently making some disclosure when I went in, as she was whispering close to his ear. She is the most inveterate little chatterer and babbler I ever saw. Sir Guy pushed her off in his usual unceremonious way.

"'That's enough, Angel. If we all took as much interest in our own business as you do in other people's, we should make the world spin. Run off to your nurse, and leave Miss Stone in peace for a little while for a change, child. Come—your aunt will be down in another moment!'

"Angel marched out of the room obediently enough, although with a very sulky face. Had anyone else thus ordered her, she would certainly have rebelled, and most likely turned round with 'sha'n't!' I could hardly help wondering for a moment whether she had been re-telling the tale about Miss Stone and her sisters which she had already insisted upon telling me. Sir Guy looked after her, and then looked at me.

"'Did it ever occur to you, Lady Adela, to think what an uncommonly pleasant young person to have in a house my young cousin will be in another ten years or so?'

"I hardly knew what to say to that. Sir Guy's questions, although I feel that I know him so well, often do disconcert me a little—they are so very abrupt and to the point. Now he disconcerted me more by going on without waiting for me to answer, and in an altogether different tone—

"'I am glad to see you here alone for a moment, because it gives me an opportunity of asking you a question which I should have asked you this afternoon but for Miss Angel's uncomfortable sharpness of hearing. What is my offence, Lady Adela?'

"'Offence?' I echoed.

"'I tried to say it quite coolly, and as though I wondered what he meant; but I felt so sure that I did know that I felt myself turning as red as I could turn.

"'Why, naturally I conclude that I have done something, I have went on, in his dry half-amused way. 'You have suddenly lost your liking for walking and your taste for yachting; as for the workshop, you forget your way to it. Bliister is engaged in chasing a vase expressly to present to you, and is stricken with the fear that when it is ready you won't take it. Naturally and inevitably I look upon myself as the unlucky cause of this. Tell me my offence; I'll promise you an apology beforehand.'

"There! And all through Lady Oldcastle—very hot of it I felt at the time—in that roundabout way, I felt that he was very much in earnest. I was so puzzled, so hurt, so angry, so sorry, that my eyes were full of tears in a second. It has often surprised me to find how quick he is at understanding me—as quick as I am, I think in understanding him. He saw in a moment that it was not my fault, and he saw in another moment whose fault it was.

"'The little vase is nearly finished. Lady Adela,' he said; 'I'll let Bliister have it its last touches. Don't you think he may present it to-night, and get it off his hands and his mind together?'

"'Yes, please.' What a goose I am! I could think of nothing but that stupid little reply.

"'Thanks,' he said. 'Praise is if you can do so without injury to your modesty, your modesty—it will please him. He thinks a great deal of your opinion, partly no doubt because he has never perhaps been so much as spoken to by a woman of your type before. He deserves credit for having tried to please you, as I can certify, if for nothing else.' He stopped a moment, and then came a little nearer to me in the window. 'Do you soon leave us? Is your visit here nearly over?'

"'Over! Oh, no—I hope not!' I cried out, speaking impulsively, without stopping to think, as I'm afraid I always do when I am in earnest about anything. 'What makes you ask?' Has Lady Oldcastle said anything?'

"'No; Lady Oldcastle has said nothing.'

"I don't know that he emphasized the words, but the way he said them made me remember that Lady Oldcastle had at any rate done something, and I was foolish enough to blush again.

"'No,' he went on, 'I did not mean that. But I remember once that you called your visit here a holiday; and a holiday, to be worth anything, should be a time in which we do just what we like. I think it would do what I pleased if I were you until you have to go back to town and please those set in authority over you.'

"I knew what he meant, of course—I always do, no matter how grim and sarcastic his manner may be.

"There was such a long pause in our talk just here that I tried to fill it up by asking if he thought Lady Oldcastle meant to come down, after all.

"'Come down?' he repeated, with a surprised look. 'Certainly, as far as I know! Why should she not?'

"I ought to have been prepared for it, I suppose, but it did astonish me to see that he had evidently been told not a word about his mother's illness. I explained to him all that I myself knew—which was little enough; and I had hardly finished when Lady Oldcastle herself came in.

"She is always pale, but not so pale as she looked to-night, with a strange yellowish sickly pallor. Looking at her, I felt two things—that something of a very serious nature must have been more than a slight one, and that I must not speak of it or question her about it.

"Sir Guy must have perceived it too, for he asked no questions and showed no surprise or curiosity of any kind.

"Dinner was a little quieter than usual; but Lady Oldcastle is always so silent that talking quite so did not make much difference. I was glad when it was over.

"If Lady Oldcastle had been as quietly vigilant as she usually is, I don't suppose I could ever have got away to the workshop for Bliister to give me his vase without her knowing it and hurrying back. As it was I left her sitting, as she had done for more than an hour, by one of the windows, with her cheek upon her hand and looking out at it.

"We did not remain long in the workshop—only long enough indeed for me to thank Bliister for the vase, which is really done beautifully; and then I was upstairs to take it to my room. I stayed a little while talking to Pinkum, and then went back to the drawing-room.

"I did not intend to move more softly than usual, and I don't know that I did so. But Sir Guy and his mother were there to see, and I could not help hearing the few words they said. It was almost dark, the lamps were not lighted, and I could only just faintly see Lady Oldcastle still sitting in her chair by the window, and Sir Guy standing by her.

"'I do not seek to pry into things which it pleases you to keep secret, mother,' he said quietly. 'The day when I ceased to hope for any terms of affection and confidence between us long passed. But if you are in trouble of any kind—as I see you are—and if it is trouble in which I can assist you, it is at once my place and my duty to do it. Is there anything I can do?'

"'There is nothing.'

"'And you decline to tell me what it is that has distressed you?'

"'I do—it is nothing to you.'

"'You will tell me this at least—it does not concern any scrape of Duke's?'

"'No.'

"'I am glad to hear that, at any rate. To tell the truth, mother, I feared that it had something to do with him. Fortunately, I know I may conclude that it has nothing to do with me either.'

"I was quite frightened. Lady Oldcastle sprang to her feet with such a dreadful look of rage and fear and agony all at once on her face that I almost cried out.

"'Do, do not, Guy, cries' 'you!' she gasped, and put her hand up to her throat as if she were choking: then in a moment her face settled into that mask of stone I'm afraid I nearly always wears: she seemed to check herself, and sank back into her seat. 'I have given you my answer; she said—'you can do nothing. Be good enough to ring for lights, Guy; we are almost in darkness.'

"I knew they had not seen me standing by the door; and I could have cried out again, and did not go in until I knew the lamps had been lighted for a little while. They were quiet enough then—Sir Guy busy with his paper, and Lady Oldcastle reading, or seeming to read, but still dreadfully pale. I ought to have felt sorry for her; but I didn't—no, I did not! I felt angry—viciously angry—I don't know why. I was glad that when she left the room she did not attempt to kiss me, as she has done lately, but just gave me her hand as she said 'Good night. She did not even look towards Sir Guy; she walked out of the room just as if he had not been there.

"Of course I could not do anything but say 'Good night' to him and come up here, where I have spent I don't know how much time in scribbling in you, my dear, which has cooled my temper and made my eyes ache.

"There has been a bustle down-stairs; and now Pinkum has come hurrying into the room. She is so evidently bursting with news of some sort that it will be only a charity to turn round and ask her what it is. I'll do it.

"'La, me lady,' says Pinkum ecstatically, clasping her hands and turning up her eyes just as she always does, 'it's Mr. Marmaduke come home unexpected! And sure he's the handsomest young gentleman you ever laid your two eyes on, entirely!'

"'What a goose Pinkum is! I hate a man to be too handsome—they have no business to be! I know Marmaduke Oldcastle will be insufferably conceited—handsome men are always so odiously vain! I know he will be horrid! I can't go for a sail to-morrow now of course. I wished he had stayed a way! I wonder whether his brother will quarrel with him before the morning? I hope he will—there!

"'Something has happened! Was it this that I felt in the air, little book, when I sat down to write in you? I don't think so. What difference can the coming of Marmaduke Oldcastle make to me? No; it was something else—something that has not happened yet. What is it?'

(To be Continued.)

He Caved.

A train over the Bay City road, bound into Detroit, picked up an old man at a flag station, and when the conductor took up his fare, he asked:

"How far could a person without money travel on this train?"

"About half a mile."

"And then you'd put 'em off?"

"Yes."

"Would you put a woman off?"

"I'd have to."

"Thanks—that settles it. My old woman didn't want me to go to town, and she said she'd follow me to the end of the world. She'll try it, but she hain't got a cent to travel on, and when the conductor drops her along about here I can imagine the look—"

"Oh, in that case, I should let her ride," interrupted the official.

"You would?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Then, if you will kinder slack up when you cross at Skinner's, I'll kinder drop off and hoof it back. I reckon she's got the bulge on me, and I might as well cave."

What He Asked For.

Guest (from the wild, wild west)—Give me a tip-top room.

Hotel Clerk (to hall-boy)—Take him up to the garret.

The Crown Perfumery Co's
GENUINE NEW PERFUME
CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS
EXTRA CONCENTRATED
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WANTED—GENERAL STORE IN COUNTRY town; cash custom entirely.

WANTED—PURCHASER FOR STOCK OF boots and shoes.

WANTED—PURCHASER FOR STOCK OF hardware.

WANTED—PURCHASER FOR DENTAL business.

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WE HAVE SEVERAL BARGAINS IN city lots and houses.

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KINDLING WOOD
DRY
Delivered prices, C. O. D., viz.:
13 Crates, $2; 6 Crates, $1; 3 Crates, 60 cents
Send post card or call at YEILL & HARVIE'S, 20 Sheppard Street. Telephone No. 1870.

OUR CELEBRATED "GOLD LABEL" IS NOW READY FOR DELIVERY
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TORONTO
IMPERIAL PALE ALE.
NOTICE.
PUSH OUT WITHOUT BREAKING

O'KEEFE & CO.
Brewers, Maltsters & Bottlers
SPECIALTIES—Warranted equal to best brewed in any country. ENGLISH HOPPED ALES in wood and bottles. XXX STOUT in wood and bottle. PILSENER LAGER.

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70 YONGE STREET
Next door to Dominion Bank
Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor. First Bar in Canada. Choice Stock of Liquors and Cigars
HEASLIP & PIERCE
Proprietors

A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND B. SHEPPARD

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XXX:

A SCENE FROM A RUINED LIFE.

The funeral was over; the repulsive face of James Killick was forever hidden from the gaze of his fellow-men by the coffin lid. Those who assumed to mourn for him had carried him to his last resting-place. The oppressive odor of flowers and the solemn voice of the clergyman seemed yet to linger in the desolate room. Dr. Strong, who had not been the officiating clergyman, he being a favorite of Mrs. Killick, but not of her husband, had come together with Dell Browning and Mrs. Flambert, were sitting by the bedside of the invalid widow.

Dell was irresistibly attracted by the sweet-faced woman who lay propped up by pillows, and the hand clasp which united them introduced a silence which lasted for several minutes.

"My dear," said the invalid to Dell, "I have been told you are proud and unforgiving, but in your face I see nothing but a gentleness and love which encourage me to tell you a story which I was forbidden to tell while my husband was alive. I am your aunt. Twenty-five years ago your father and I loved one another as brother and sister seldom do. He was ten years my senior and devoted himself to me and my happiness. When he married I was lonely, and James Killick, who in his infancy had been taken from a foundling asylum and adopted by my father and cared for almost as kindly as if he had been his son, returned to our house to look after father's affairs, he having lost his first wife. He had won my confidence and I soon, foolish girl, thought that I loved him. By his address and ability he had gained a place in our household which he was not originally intended to have, and when he returned with the experience of a man of the world, he had a power which you would hardly suspect him of possessing. Lying here and thinking about the past I cannot conceive the supreme folly, the forgetfulness of the mean traits of his character, which induced me to listen to his proposal that we should run away and be married—we both knew my proud old father would never consent to such a mesalliance. But listen to him! I did, and a life of misery has been my reward. My brother—your father—was furious. He sought us out, knocked my husband down and beat him unmercifully in his passion. When he found out that we were married he cast me off, and swore that he would never speak to me again. My father, too, was irreconcilable, and he died soon after without forgiving me. When Killick heard that your father, who had left England, had settled in Toronto he followed, determined some day to be revenged for he hated your father with the most deadly hatred and vowed that he would live to see both him and you beggared. A few weeks ago he boasted to me that at last he had succeeded. Is it true?"

"I am afraid I have lost some of my money, but not all of it. I really don't know yet," answered Dell, hesitatingly, "but it doesn't matter. I have plenty of friends, you see!"

"Mr. Killick often boasted to me that he was a very rich man. It seemed to give him pleasure to tell me about it, and then say I should never enjoy any of it. He is dead now, and I should speak no evil of him, but he hated me, from the day your father beat him, almost as fiercely as he did my brother. He died trying to make his will. Even if he had succeeded in one, Dr. Strong tells me he could not leave all his property away from me—and there may be enough in my portion to repair some of the mischief he has done. If there is, you will not be poor, my dear. I shall not live to need anything very long."

"Poor aunty, you must not talk about money or dying. Think of living and being happy. Now that—that your husband's persecutions have ceased there is nothing to prevent you from getting well. I have no father or mother; you can be both to me."

Dell had seated herself on the side of the bed, and the invalid threw her arms about her, and Dell, in response, had caught her aunt's wasted form in her embrace.

"An exceedingly strange business," whispered Dr. Strong to Mrs. Flambert."

"Yes, Mrs. Killick looks as Dell may twenty years hence, but I hope the poor child won't pass through such trials as that unfortunate woman has endured."

"Thoughts of money have never troubled me, my dear Dell, until now," continued Mrs. Killick; "but I am very anxious to know whether Mr. Killick left any will, and in what condition his property is. We shall know this afternoon, for Mr. Tully and some gentlemen he has called in to represent me are going all through his papers. Mr. Tully seems to be a gentleman, I never saw him until the day before yesterday. I have been afraid Mr. Killick would spoil him, but when he came to me he seemed so manly and good-hearted, I trusted him at once. Do you know him?" questioned the invalid, to whom the outside world was a blank.

"Yes," stammered Dell, blushing to the roots of her hair. No matter how many years a woman has been away from society and from contact with her sex, she never forgets how to read her sister-woman, but Dell's tell-tale face would have been an open book to the most obtuse.

"Ah, I see! And does he love you?"

Dr. Strong and Mrs. Flambert found it convenient to look out of the window, and Dell pressed her flushed cheek against the pale face of the sufferer and whispered, "Yes, he has told me so."

"So my sweet little girlie has already made her choice, and it is not a bad one. I am sure he will be kind to you. He has his faults, Dell. We bedridden folks soon read faces better than those who see so many that they never mark the difference. But you can manage him. I will tell you some day just how. I think you ought to do it, but for fear that 'some day' should never come, I will tell you one thing now. Always be strong; be his model of what is right in thinking and doing, but never be cross and scold. But you couldn't scold, could you? After he went away the other day, I could not read his face. I wondered what his wife was like, or if he had one, and how he treated her, and how a woman could bear success with such a man. I have so little to think about, you know, Dell. Every strange face in my room has been a rare glimpse of the outside world. They have been very few. Mr. Killick did not like to, and the orders have always been to the servant at the door to say that I was not well enough to see anyone, though a very few who insisted have occasionally come in to give me something to think about. I would just like to live two or three little months longer to see you happy. My lesson has been such a bitter one that perhaps I might assist you to begin right. I began wrong, but I have tried to do right and be patient, though, my dear, my patience has sometimes been exhausted, and I have had to suffer for it. Couldn't you come and stay with me, Dell? But no, something terrible might be disclosed by my husband's death, and you shall not share my disgrace. It will only be a little longer—I must not be selfish. Wait till we know the worst."

Dell protested her disregard of public opinion, but Mrs. Killick would not listen. "Nothing must be said of our relationship. I disgraced the family once, I shan't do it again," and no persuasion could move her from this resolution.

After they had gone, Mr. Tully and Mr. Scott returning from the cemetery called to obtain permission to look through the papers in Mr. Killick's desk in the library beneath.

"You may look through them, Mr. Tully, I want Mr. Scott to remain with me for a few moments. You will find writing materials over there," said she to Mr. Scott, wearily. "I want to make my will; it won't take you long. Everything I have I leave to my niece, Dell Browning, my brother's daughter, and if it exceeds fifty thousand dollars she is to use what is required of the remainder to recompense all those my husband has directly injured by defrauding them of money. You understand what I mean, don't you, Mr. Scott?"

"Yes, madam," answered the stately old lawyer. In fifteen minutes the document was prepared, and the nurse and manservant were called in as witnesses. As she said good night to the two lawyers she whispered faintly, "Now if I die all will be well."

In the office, assisted by the senior clerks, all the papers in Mr. Killick's safe were carefully examined. No will could be found and but few papers which at all concerned the dead man. His private account book, carefully kept, proved him to be worth over half a million dollars, nearly a hundred thousand of which had been obtained from his manipulation of the Loan Company's stock. The thirty thousand he had received from Col. Moore had been duly entered. Without further knowledge of his transactions it was impossible to find any traces of criminal or even improper methods.

It was nine o'clock before Tully rang the door bell at the many-gabled Flambert mansion. He was elated by the result of the search; he, at least, would not be disgraced. Lawyer Scott, with professional reticence, had told him nothing of Mrs. Killick's will, and there was not a sordid impulse within him, when a few moments later, Dell entered the reception room alone, and he caught her in his arms, exclaiming:

"My darling, all is well; we can pay everything we owe, and there will be no disgraceful disclosures involving the firm; even your property, I hope, will be saved!"

"I'm so glad for your sake," answered Dell, looking lovingly up into his excited face. "You have suffered so much. You were so long coming, I was afraid something was wrong."

"It is all over now, my sweetheart. To-day shuts out the past. I begin a new life, and with you by my side I can make it such that you won't be ashamed to share it with me."

"Look out, young people, I am coming," cried Mrs. Flambert in the hall. "I am just dying to hear the news; I can't wait another minute. Mr. Tully, what is the result of your investigation? Is Mr. Killick as bad a man as I have always thought him, or has he died rich and left his memory to be respected?"

"He died rich, Mrs. Flambert, and his memory, as far as I can find out, will not be any more cursed than that of the ordinary rich man, whose entrance into heaven is described as likely to be so difficult. As far as I can find out by examining his papers there is nothing against him except some stock manipulation and his scheme to deprive Dell of her money."

"And you—now honestly and truly, young man—are you out of the woods?"

"Yes, thank Heaven, I have nothing to fear. There is no act of my life of which I am ashamed, that is—" looking appealingly at Dell and blushing painfully, "since long ago. I feel positive that everything will come out all right. Do you know old Killick has made me half a million dollars! Scott and I figured it up in his private account book. That ought to be enough to protect the firm from any claims which may be brought against it."

"Then you are a free man, are you, Tully," inquired Mrs. Flambert, looking at him searchingly "and can marry without being afraid of bringing disgrace upon her for your actions either past or future.

"Ah, Mrs. Flambert, the past is rolled up like a scroll. I am not afraid that it will ever appear against me. The future, with God's help and Dell beside me, I have vowed shall be worthy of the pure love I have won and the pure wife—it won't be long, will it, Dell, before you are my wife?—on whose name any disgrace of mine would be a blot which would burn into her soul more than it would into mine."

"Dell," exclaimed Mrs. Flambert, with a burst of her old enthusiasm, "would you mind if I kissed him just once, and only on the cheek? I feel like a mother to that young scamp, and I believe that at last he has learned sense enough to behave himself." With this Mrs. Flambert threw her by no means slender arms around Mr. Tully and kissed his cheek with a maternal fondness, which proved that she had no more fears of his future.

Dr. Strong, too, who had been unable to resist the impulse to hear the news, came in and congratulated Dell and Tully on their success. "I really don't know, my young friends, whether I dare claim any credit for myself; I've been on both sides of the question, don't you see; but then we poor parsons have to be with both factions for society's sake," he added, with a quizzical side look at Dell.

The astute Mr. Scott next morning so managed it that the daily papers when announcing the funeral of James J. Killick, also chronicled the fact that he had died worth at least half a million dollars, and the delicate hint did not fail to more uneasiness. As Cora Burnham scanned this paragraph in the morning paper she told her father that it would be much larger for them to effect a settlement with Col. Moore than to engage in a law suit, if the honor of so wealthy a firm was implicated.

"I know Tully," said she, "too well to imagine—under present circumstances—that he would permit any imputation to rest on his professional honor, and if this matter comes to a fight it will be impossible for us to win in the protracted law suit which would be the result." With this in view they held a consultation in the afternoon and instructed Mr. Chandler to offer Col. Moore fifty thousand dollars to abandon his title to his estates and acknowledge them the heirs of Mowbury property. Astounded at his good fortune he consented, and the matter never went into court. Mr. Killick, after a searching investigation, sent her check to the Loan Company for the amount which her husband had secured. By the prudent transaction, given up his tools, and as the sum amounted to nearly a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the company was saved from ruin. Tully notified Col. Moore when he became aware of the settlement which had been effected between him and his uncle, that the mortgage made to Miss Browning would be cancelled, as it was evident that Mr. Killick had received the money, and thus the calamities which impended over the firm of Killick & Tully faded away; and when a few months later Mrs. Killick succumbed to her long illness, Mrs. Stephen Tully was left heiress to a sum which made her one of the wealthiest women in the city.

Cora Burnham, with her father and mother, sailed for England to prove their title to their property there, and have not since returned.

Mrs. King's widowhood shows no sign of mourning, and the gaiety of her house suggests her effort to forget her old folly and find opportunities for new ones. Poor little Jack, who had been sent away to school before Dell left 25 Mowburn Street, sees little of his mother, but once a week Aunty Dell calls upon the little fellow and brightens his life by her caresses and loving remembrances of their old acquaintanceship.

It was once esteemed the duty of a story teller to dispose—either by death or marriage—of all the characters who incidentally appeared in his pages, but I might say in bidding my readers adieu that when people are not disposed of in life it would be folly for the writer to settle their future in fiction. Bee McKinley is still unmarried, though it is her own fault. John Stryde is devoting himself more vigorously than ever to his missionary work—and incidentally to Bee McKinley; while Stephen Tully has not shown the slightest sign of relapsing into his old habits, but is alike faithful to his resolution and true to his sweetheart.

THE END.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

A SUBSCRIBER, Brighton.—Have never heard of the paper you mention.

DAISY, Hamilton.—Address Professor Davis, 77 Wilton avenue, Toronto.

JULIA ADA.—People in Canada cannot legally buy Louisiana Lottery tickets. 2. Do not know how much they cost.

READER.—Address Townsend & Stevens, Melinda street, Toronto, and they will tell you how to become a member of the Society of Expert Accountants.

JOSEPHINE.—You should present your card to the servant when entering and leave the card of yourself and your husband, if you are married, when leaving.

E. T., Toronto.—You can learn shorthand and typewriting at the Business University, Public Library Buildings. A letter addressed there will bring you full information.

P. A. S., Poplar Hill, writes—Where can I obtain a reliable preparation for cleansing the scalp and preventing the hair from falling out. Write to Dr. Dorenwend, Yonge street, Toronto.

MURRAY, Lansing.—1. A young man would have a poor chance of obtaining a position in Toronto Postoffice without political influence. 2. At your age you are not likely to grow taller. You will probably get stouter. Don't know anything to make you fat and healthy at the same time.

SUBSCRIBER, Toronto.—Benzine will clean white kid gloves but I know of no preparation that will make an old white kid look like a new one. 2. Regular cleaners are the best people to go to as amateur efforts at cleaning either silk or satin are more apt to spoil than renovate. 3. A lad old enough to go to a ball should wear full dress. If he does not have one wear dark clothes and a frock coat. 4. Your writing is not good. Buy a Spencerian copy book. Practice will improve it.

CONSTANT READER.—1. Clipping the ends of the eyelashes is it said will make them grow longer. 2. Keep the scalp in a clean, soft, and wholesome condition. Pure rain water is the best things to make hair soft and make it grow. It must not be used over a couple of times a month or it will make the hair hard and break. The scalp should be kept clean with a good brush which should be washed frequently. A small amount of the tincture of cantharides added to the rain water will stimulate the scalp.

J. J. H., Paris—Leave your order with any newsdealer and they will get you a copy of Burke's Peerage. If you wish to consult one, you will find it in the public libraries and all the leading clubs. 2. It would be improper for a young lady to ask a gentleman friend for his photograph unless he be a relative or so intimate a friend that an improper construction could not be put upon it. A gentleman may offer to exchange photographs with a young lady under the same circumstances, or if he is engaged to her. Otherwise it is an impropriety.

CLARA MCK.—After having visited for three weeks at the house of your acquaintance and inviting her to make her home with you when visiting your town, she should have written you when she decided to stay with another acquaintance while visiting in your neighborhood. If she ignored your invitation by neither writing nor calling upon you, you have a good reason to construe it as a slight. If she made an explanation by letter, and you knew she was visiting in your town, you should have called upon her if the explanation was satisfactory, but it is always a safe thing to pay as little attention as possible to trifles.

M. S., Preston.—1. I know of no cure for blushing except a continual effort to maintain your composure. When self-control is practised in everything else with experience one soon learns not to blush. If it comes from any unusual cause you would have to consult a physician. Do not think of it or it constantly. Cultivate the habit of not caring whether you blush or not and make a joke of it. Do not avoid society for that reason, for the more you avoid meeting people the stronger hold your habit of blushing will get upon you. 2. Know no way of developing the bust. Men generally suppose that cotton batting is used for that purpose. 3. Do not know of any cure for dyspepsia except careful diet and avoiding the things that disagree with you, and drinking no liquid with your meals. From the questions you ask, I am afraid you are a rather morbid young woman. What you most require is to quit thinking about yourself. Forgetting the best of everything, do not imagine people are looking at you criticising you, but act as if nobody took any special interest, and be yourself.

A Discouraged Avenger.

Mrs. Whitecap.—So you've been down lickin' Bill Simmons' fam'ly, have yer? Wa-al, I want yer t' understan' Bill's my second cousin!—*Puck.*

Knew What He Was Talking About.

Bildad—Why don't you buy a typewriter, Ormsby?

Ormsby—My wife doesn't understand typewriting, and if she did, a fellow doesn't care to have his wife around his office all the time.

Bildad—Your wife wouldn't have to run it. You could hire a girl for a small salary.

Ormsby—As I said before, I don't want my wife around the office all the time.

Comet Safety (used only 7 days) - - - $80
"Swift" Safety (used only 3 months - - - 95
Rudge, No. 1 (second hand) - - - 95
Shipment of New Wheels just arrived.

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MANTEL FOLDING BEDS
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Small Rooms, Parlors, Dining Rooms and Offices.

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Send for our Pamphlet on Hot Water Heating

Increase the Appetite

By taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. This remedy is thorough in its action, imparts tone and strength to the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, and enables them to perform all their functions properly. **I have used Ayer's Pills, for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for stimulating the appetite, and imparting energy or strength to the system. I always keep them in the house.—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del. **For over two years I was afflicted with torpidity of the Liver. I had no appetite, suffered from Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Side and Back, and General Debility. Ayer's Pills were the first medicine to give me relief. I took three boxes of them, and was cured. This remedy never fails to

Stimulate the Liver

and quicken the appetite. Ayer's Pills promptly relieve Headache, and are the best cathartic I know of.—George O. Williams, West Meriden, Conn.

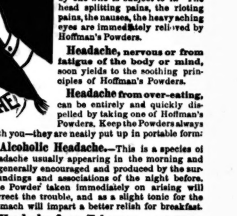
During the spring of 1877 a disagreeable taste in my mouth entirely destroyed my appetite. My tongue was thickly coated, and what little food I ate distressed me. Believing my trouble to originate in a disordered liver, I commenced taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and felt an improvement soon after the operation of the first dose. I continued their use in diminished quantities, for a short time, and am satisfied that these Pills have completely cured me.—Sophie Harmon, Biddeford, Me.

For a number of years I was troubled with Biliousness, which almost destroyed my health. This ailment commenced in Costiveness, Indigestion, Headache, and Dizziness soon followed. I became weak, emaciated, and totally unfitted for work of any kind. I tried various remedies, but nothing afforded me any relief until I began taking Ayer's Pills. They cured me, speedily, and I now believe them to be the most reliable cathartic in use.—G. S. Wanderlich, Scranton, Pa.

AYER'S SUGAR-COATED CATHARTIC PILLS,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

A New Discovery.—A simple, harmless, and effective cure for all headaches, is something wanted in every house. Persons suffering from headache will find **in Hoffman's Powders a perfect Headache Specific.** They are easy to take, give almost instant relief, containing no opium, quinine, bromides, or narcotics. They are prompt and certain in their action and do not disarrange the stomach, nauseate, or cause any after ill effects. They are not prepared, recommended, or advertised for a wide range of disorders, but simply for headaches. **They are an honest medicine for which only honest, straightforward statements are made.**

They are the result of persistent study and experimenting by an expert chemist, and before offered to the public in present form were tested in the most severe cases, and submitted to the highest professional and medical authority, endorsed and pronounced perfectly harmless. Thousands now attest to their virtue, and none need suffer from *Headaches* if they will use Hoffman's Powders. **A trial will convince.**



Sick Headache is terrible and can only be properly described by one who is subject to it. The head splitting pains, the rioting pains, the nausea, the heavy aching eyes are immediately relieved by Hoffman's Powders.

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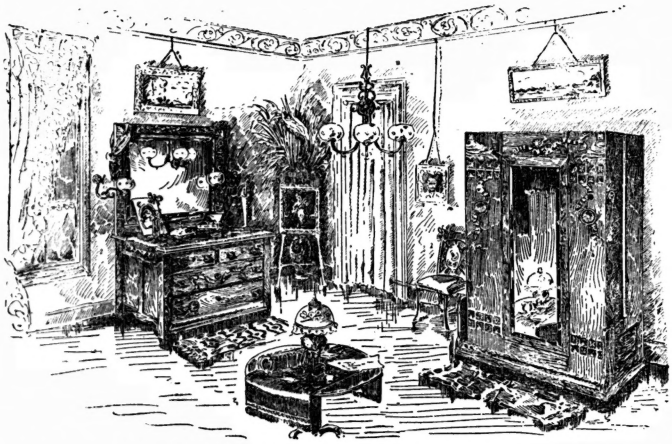

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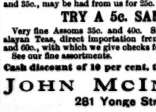

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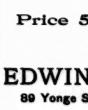

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Much Ado About Nothing.

I went to see how the members of Toronto University Literary Society elect their officers the other night. I had never seen this ceremony performed before, and being told that it was something unique in the election line, I was not exactly unprepared for the scene which presented itself. You are all acquainted with one or more of those young men who are laying the foundation of future greatness at University College. You know that individually the student is usually quiet and tractable, and, perhaps, even modest. He is like one of the component parts of gunpowder—quite harmless when alone. But mix him with a party of his co laborers in the mine of learning, and he becomes a miniature cyclone. He rises on his hind legs and yells as if he would say to the wide world: "Harken unto me, all ye people: this is my night out!" Thus does he atone for many hours of enforced silence spent in a grim struggle with the shades of the great departed.

W. HARLEY SMITH.

The sounds of strife smote my ear as I turned the corner of Yonge and Shuter streets, towards St. Vincent's Hall, where the voting was going on. Grasping my stick with a firm grip, I resolutely entered and was confronted by a young friend of mine with a demoniacal glitter in his eye, who shoved his fist through a gaping wound in the crown of his Christie and said: "How does that catch you, old man?" I said it was catching, I didn't think I'd wait. But just then a party who were trying to persuade several electors that they were too premature in their desire to vote, deployed from the main body and moved rapidly in our direction. Before I could perform the flank movement I had meditated, and escape through the window, they were upon me, and long before they were through with me, I had decided that being a war correspondent was not exactly my forte. The voting was done in a small room of the main building, the entrance to which was a

H. H. DEWART.

door near the eastern corner of the hall. Through this door the hapless undergrad had to go, if he could, before he marked his ballot. Getting in meant, perhaps, a fight of several hours, and it was easy to distinguish those who had voted, from those who had not, by the condition of their clothes. All night long this strife went on incessantly till the polls closed at 4 a. m. Perhaps the strangest thing about this fierce contest was that there were no important issues at stake. The students simply wanted some excitement. A few weeks before the election, parties were formed and manifestoes issued. Dr. W. Harley Smith and Mr. H. H. Dewart, both graduates, and both clever young men, were nominated for the presidency

by the Federal Party and the Party of Progress respectively. Nearly all the other offices were also contested. The excitement on each side grew till it culminated in the storm of St. Vincent's Hall, and when the morning came and rolled the mists away, it was found that the Federal Party had elected all their men. The names of those elected are W. Harley Smith, B. A., M. D., president; W. G. W. Fortune, vice-president; J. W. Scane, 2nd vice-president; G. A. Badgerow, 3rd vice president; J. B. Peat, recording secretary; M. Barker, corresponding secretary; P. White, secretary of committees; W. Hardie, treasurer; A. T. Thompson, curator; T. B. Smith, 4th year councillor; T. M. Bowman and G. A. M. Young, 3rd-year councillors; F. H. Hagerman and H. J. Wales, 2nd-year councillors. VAN.

Out of Towns.

SIMCOE.

The progressive euchre party given by Mrs. Walter McCaul was a great success. Eight tables were filled. The Misses Hayes and D. Chadwick, and Messrs. Finlay and Dickinson won the remarkably original and pretty prizes.

The Music Hall was well filled Wednesday evening to see Michael Strogoff played. Mrs. George Curtis wore a most becoming red bonnet; Miss Finlay's red broadcloth coat was extremely striking; Mrs. J. C. Boyd in black and silver; Mrs. Cowley in a natty green suit. Mrs. Wells and friends occupied a box.

Miss Nelles, who has been spending the winter in Simcoe, returned to her home in Brantford on Monday last.

Mrs. Cowley returned from Toronto last week. TIPTOE.

BARRIE.

There is very little in the way of gaiety at present in town and it will likely continue so for three weeks. Occasionally there has been given a small afternoon tea.

At Easter several At Homes will probably be given and dancing be once more indulged in.

Miss K. Ardagh has gone to Toronto to spend a few weeks.

Miss Watson is visiting in town and is the guest of Mrs. Morris.

Miss Macdonald returned home to Cobourg last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Lloyd have been visiting relatives in Toronto.

Mr. Ernest Bird has been removed from Toronto Bank of Commerce to the Barrie branch for a few months.

Spring Opening.

The well-known mantle and dress house of H. S. Morison & Co., Yonge street, presented an usually attractive sight Tuesday, the occasion being their annual spring opening. The reporter from SATURDAY NIGHT visited their store, which has been enlarged and much improved during the past few weeks, and found it a handsome and well-appointed establishment. The display in their mantle showrooms comprise a large and choice selection of some of the latest and most fashionable garments, dolmans, jackets, ulsters, etc., in every variety of shade and design; also a beautiful lot of fancy spring and summer wraps, in silk and jet, moire and lace, etc., etc. Downstairs, in the dress department, one is taken through a fine display of the choicest fabrics from the celebrated makers of France and Germany, comprising Parisian novelties in combination suitings, fine French printed cashmeres, bordered goods, Henrietta cloths—all with braid and trimmings to match, making altogether a very attractive appearance. Plants and floral decorations, tastefully arranged throughout the store, added to the beauty of the scene, and the large number of ladies who crowded the store from morning till late in the afternoon, show the appreciation which this enterprising firm is held by the fair sex of the city.

We would call attention to the advertisement of Edward McKeown & Co. This firm is making a specialty of ladies' silk and kid gloves. Their dress department shows a fine assortment of Duchess satins, plain black silk, satin merveilleux, black luxor, colored failles and a variety of colored goods. In mourning goods it is replete with all the novelties of the season.

An Irish Duelist.

Pat Power of Daragle, was a fat, robust man, much distinguished for his intemperance, and generally seen with a glowing red face. He on one occasion fought with a fire-eating companion named Bill Brisco. When taking aim, he said he still had a friendship for him, and would show it; so he only shot off his whisker and top of his ear.

When traveling in England, Power had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion, a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room when he entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English stage was a tissue of ignorance, blunders and absurdities; and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage, he was always supposed to have the characteristics of his class, and so a fair butt for ridicule.

When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments, and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person who sent it. He pointed out one of a group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols and follow him. He put them under his arm, and with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and, presenting the watch begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own silver one from his fob, and presenting it to his servant, desired him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the company he would keep it safe till called for. It was never claimed.

On another occasion Power ordered supper, and while waiting for it he read the newspaper. After some time, the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table, and when Power examined their contents he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare, and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and, directing him in Irish what to do, quietly made his supper of the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him "they were at a very proper distance for a close shot, and if one fell, he was ready to give satisfaction to the other." The parties immediately rushed out without waiting for a second invitation, and with them several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great a hurry to pay their reckoning, Power paid it for them along with his own.

Cunning and Discretion.

Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning is a kind of short-sightedness that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; cunning is a kind of instinct that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings; cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

Reading Character.

The world often forms a false estimate of a man's character, which will sometimes go for years in disguise, until detected by the light of some accidental circumstance brought to bear upon it. Under the guise of a bully, for instance, how often struts the pusillanimous craven! The fop will sometimes turn out, when you know him thoroughly, to be a man of talent and information, hiding himself under a bushel of fine clothes for some inscrutable purpose. Gruff old gentlemen are often remarked to be charitable to the poor, and bland old gentlemen are sometimes the reverse. Reading character is an art in itself. There are nice shades and touches only to be discerned by the practiced eye, and by such apparently insignificant points character may frequently be determined.

The "maddening cup" is said to be the greatest test of real character. "When the wine is in, the truth comes out." One of the kings of England—Edward III., if we remember rightly—was so convinced of this fact that he never appointed any person to an office about the court until he first put him through the ordeal of a "big drunk." Once he had a new chaplain to initiate in this way, and the reverend gentleman, when well over his third bottle, talked so well and enthusiastically about horses and hunting, that the king proposed to him the position of stud groom instead of chaplain. The offer was accepted, and, as the old chronicler of the occasion tells us: "Although ye pulpitte might have suffered no loss, yet ye king's mews (stables) had for certain a great gayne."

He Hadn't Learned the Water Routes.

Stranger (to a Dutch policeman)—My friend, I want a drink of water. Can you tell me where I can procure it?

Dutch Policeman—I vas almost a stranger here meinself, so I couldn't tole you.

Just come on the beat?

Yah—vell, 'pout six months ago.—*Texas Siftings.*

JUCH-PEROTTI

All lovers of music in the city will be glad to hear that Miss Emma Juch is to appear in concert and opera at the Pavilion Tuesday, April 9. Sig. Jules Perotti, the success of the German opera season just closed at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is her associate on this occasion, and their appearance together in the second act (garden scene) of Guonod's "Faust," will certainly be a musical feast. Miss Adele Ans Der Ohe, the favorite pianiste, and other capable artists will also assist in the evening's entertainment.

The price of tickets will be 50c., 75c., $1 and $1.50, and the plan will be opened at Nordheimers' Wednesday, April 3, at 9 a.m.

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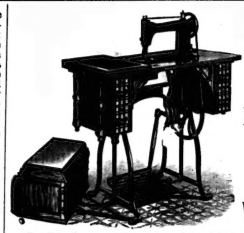

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HOUSE DECORATION 1888

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 2nd says: An *edition de luxe* of a "Wall-paper Album" is quite a novelty, but the one just issued by Messrs. Jeffrey & Co. is certainly a decorative and suggestive publication. With one of Mr. Walter Crane's characteristic designs on the covers, it contains a number of India proofs of a so-called "Victorian Series" of wall-papers, designed by such masters of the craft as Messrs. Walter Crane, Lewis F. Day, Scott Morgan, Audsley, Seddinz and E. V. Hart. Some of the patterns are strikingly fine, notably the "Lucca," the "Jacobean," "Wood Notes," and "The Golden Age." It has often been observed that a man, firm and decided in all things else, becomes the type of vacillation in choosing his wall-paper, the selection of which grows daily more difficult, more the greater multiplicity of plausible designs. As a beautiful wall decoration is ever preferable to bad pictures and prints, the efforts of fine designers in this direction are to be encouraged.

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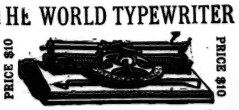

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HARCOURT-VERNON—On March 24, at Toronto, Mrs. H. E. Harcourt-Vernon—a son.
LEE—On March 23, at Toronto, Mrs. W. F. Lee—a son.
SNELGROVE—On March 19, at Toronto, Mrs. C. V. Snelgrove—a daughter.
COLLINS—On March 22, at Toronto, Mrs. J. W. Collins—a daughter.
STEWART—At Hamilton, Mrs. W. H. Stewart—a son.
FREEMAN—On March 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Fred. J. Freeman—a son.
GUNN—On March 18, at Toronto, Mrs. James Gunn—a daughter.
GRAHAME—On March 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Laurence Hill Grahame—a son.
BARWICK—On March 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Richard I. Barwick—a daughter.
GOODEVE—On March 18, at Mitchell, Mrs. George S. Goodeve—a son.
CRAWFORD—On March 24, at Toronto, Mrs. G. S. Crawford—a son.
KAY—On March 24, at Toronto, Mrs. John Bryce Kay—a daughter.
BROADWAY—On March 24, at Toronto, Mrs. James Broadway—a daughter.
JARRETT—On March 23, at Toronto, Mrs. S. Jarrett—a daughter.
WHEELER—On March 24, at Toronto, Mrs. Alex. E. Wheeler—a son.
BELL—On March 27, at Toronto, Mrs. James Bell—a son.

Marriages.

FOLGER—FRANKS—On March 20, at Toronto, Henry Folger to Edna Franks.
FRIDHAM—DUCHARME—On February 12, at Ottawa, Richard Alfred Fridham of Toronto, to Marie Odile Antonia Ducharme of Ottawa.
HAIG—ELLIOTT—On March 20, at Toronto, Donald J. Haig of Baltimore, to Margie Elliott of Toronto.
BALDWIN—ARMSTRONG—On March 20, at Toronto, R. W. Y. Baldwin to Mary Fleming Armstrong.
HULL—ROWAN—On March 20, at Toronto, David Hull to M. A. Rowan.
TUGWELL—MILBURN—On March 20, at Toronto, Arthur Tugwell of Compton-Guildford, Surrey, Eng., to Gertrude Annie Milburn of Detroit.
McEWEN—VANSLYKE—On February 20, at Elderslie, Robert McEwen to Emily M. VanSlyke.
DOUGLAS—McCORMACK—On March 22, at Toronto, George Douglas of the County of Halton, to Mary Elizabeth McCormack of Toronto.
HUGHEY—MITCHELL—On March 20, at King Township, Rankin Hughey of Whitchurch, to Elizabeth Mitchell.
ROSE—WILLIAMSON—On March 26, at Toronto, Peter Rose of Whitby, to Jennie Williamson of Port Perry.
COLLINS—BRYAN—On March 27, at Toronto, Mathias W. Collins to Ada Emily Bryan, both of Whitby.
POWER—ARDAGH—On March 27, at West Toronto Junction, John Power of Barrie, to Marian Ardagh.
BOYES—CRAWFORD—On March 20, at Widder, J. D. Boyes of Lanarkshire, Scotland, to Sarah Crawford.
ROSE—PIZER—On March 27, at Whitby, Caleb Edward Rose of Whitby, to Elizabeth Jane Pizer of Dumbarton.

Deaths.

GORTON—On March 21, at Harriston, John H. Gordon aged 31 years.
GOODEVE—On March 20, at Mitchell, Ont., George Mills Goodeve, aged 79 years.
MIX—On March 23, at Toronto, Chester Keys Mix, aged 45 years.
VAN NORMAN—On March 15, at Tilsonburg, Harriet E. Van Norman, aged 54 years.
QUINN—On March 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Jane Quinn, aged 70 years.
BRADY—On March 21, at Dundas, Ont., Mrs. M. A. Brady.
BELL—On March 26, at Toronto, James Bell.
McGREGOR—On March 26, at Hamilton, D. G. McGregor, aged 39 years.
HEYLON—On March 26, at West Toronto Junction, Edward Heylon, aged 70 years.
JOHNSTON—On March 26, at Toronto, John Johnston, aged 41 years.
CRONKRITE—On March 25, at Toronto, Florence Cronkrite.
BAILEY—On March 18, at Stratford, Edward Erskine Bailey, aged 21 years.
FIDLER—On March 19, at Toronto, Mrs. H. J. Fidler.
KERTEMAN—On March 20, at Toronto, Edward Lionel Kerteman, aged 16 months.
KINGSTON—On March 19, Sydney Gwlayes Kingstone.
ATKINSON—On March 25, at Toronto, Mrs. Anne Ansley Atkinson, aged 83 years.
McKINNON—On March 15, at township of Bruce, Mrs. Malcolm McKinnon, aged 57 years.
BOYNTON—On March 22, at Ely, Co. York, Ont., Herbert Boynton, aged 16 years.
COSTELLO—At Toronto, Mrs. Mary O'Brien Costello, aged 71 years.
COBB—On March 21, at Richmond Hill, Mrs. Hannah Cobb, aged 71 years.
NICOLL—On March 23, at Creekside, Puslinch, Charles Gordon Nicoll, aged 21 months.
FRASER—On March 22, at Hamilton, Ont., Mrs. Ann Squair Fraser, aged 63 years.
STEED—On March 21, at Lyn, Ont., Emmie Marion Steed, aged 5 months.
DICKSON—On March 26, at Parkdale, Lloyd Osborne Dickson, aged 11 months.
HERRETT—On March 22, at Chicago, Colin H. Herrett, aged 32.
BARTLETT—At Toronto, Charles Sidney Bartlett, aged 8 months.
BULLOCK—On March 27, at Crowland, Charles Costin Bullock, aged 40 years.
CARVER—On March 27, at Toronto, Hazel Beatrice Carver, aged 11 months.
SMITH—On March 26, at Galt, Elton Y. Smith, aged 20 years.
FLANIGAN—On March 26, at Cobourg, Mrs. James Flanigan, aged 45 years.

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